

SICK

30¢

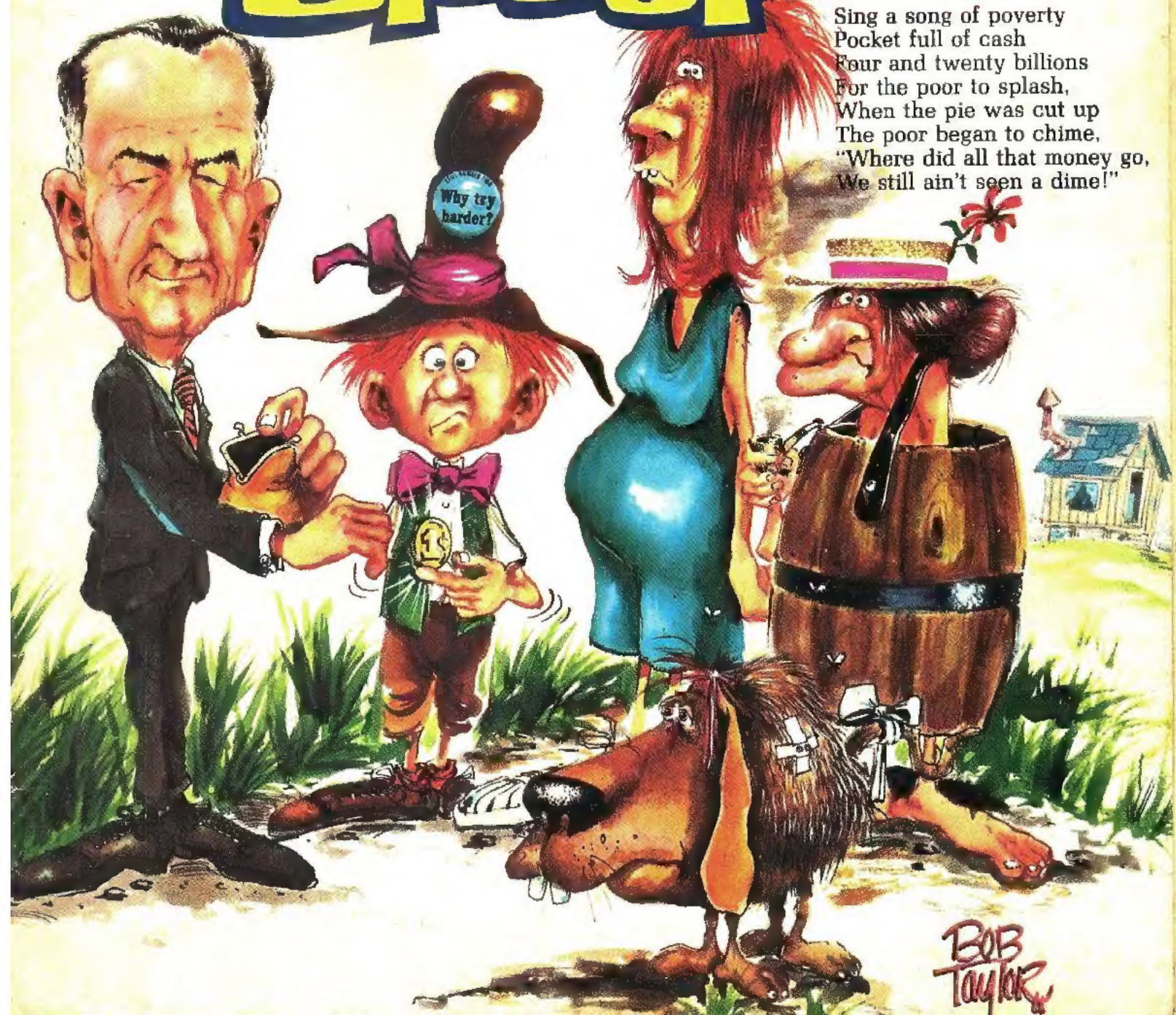
PBC

JOB CORPS - SURFER

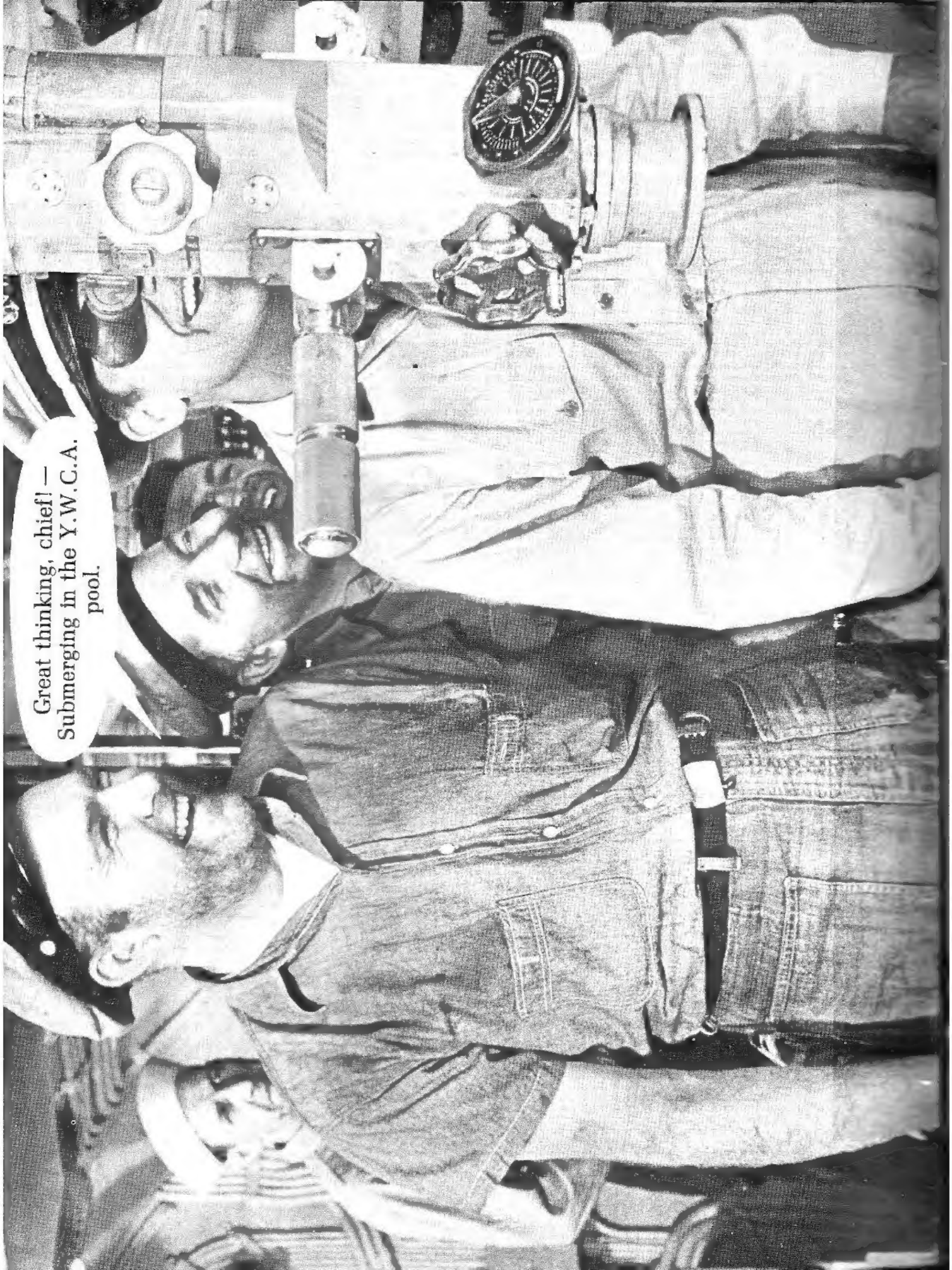
SPOOF

- LOVE COMPUTER
- ARMY-NAVY GIRLS
- NEW THIN BOOKS
- **POVERTY PROGRAM**

Sing a song of poverty
Pocket full of cash
Four and twenty billions
For the poor to splash,
When the pie was cut up
The poor began to chime,
"Where did all that money go,
We still ain't seen a dime!"



Great thinking, chief! —
Submerging in the Y.W.C.A.
pool.





Jack Scott, *West Coast*
Angelo Torres, *Pa.*
Lynn Lichty, *Ohio*
Bob Elliott, *Space*
Jack O'Brien, *Florida*
Fred England, *Texas*
Ivan Golownjew,
Moscow
Calvin Castine,
Champaign

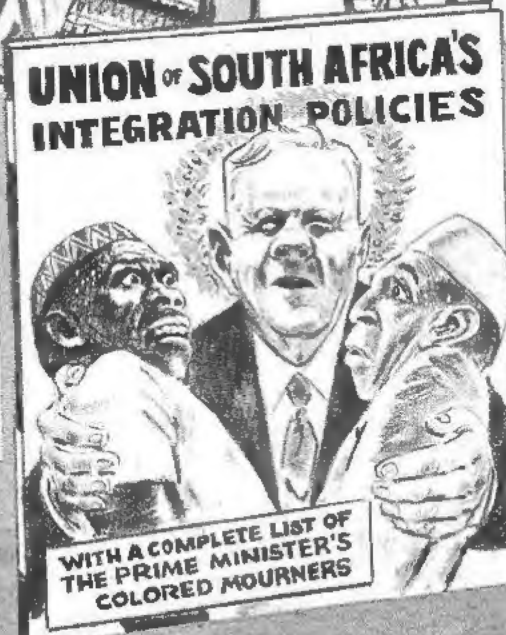
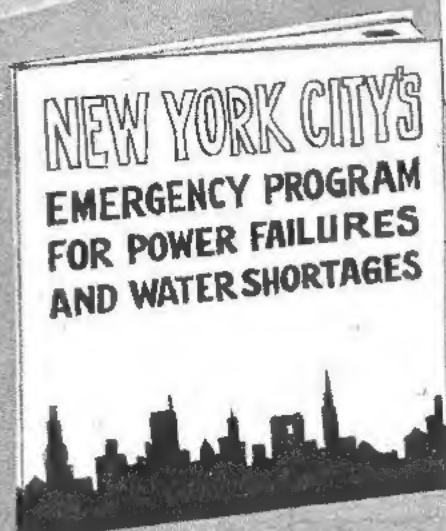
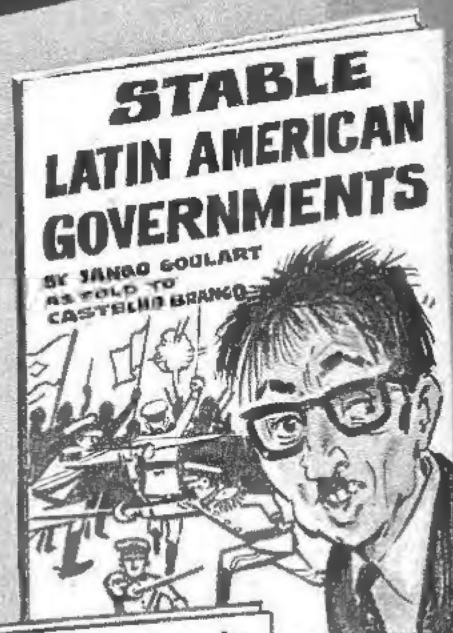
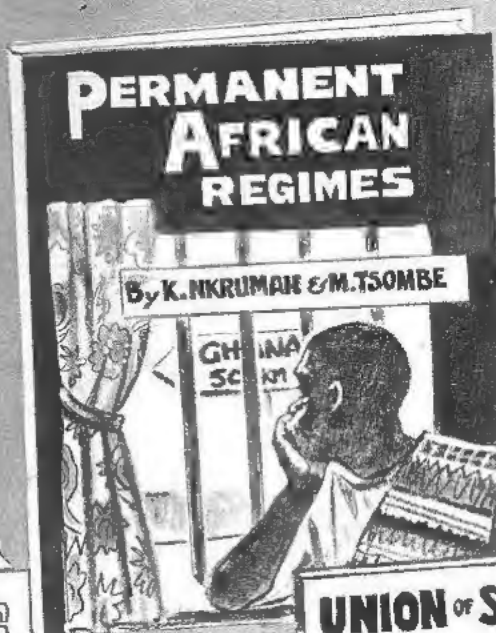
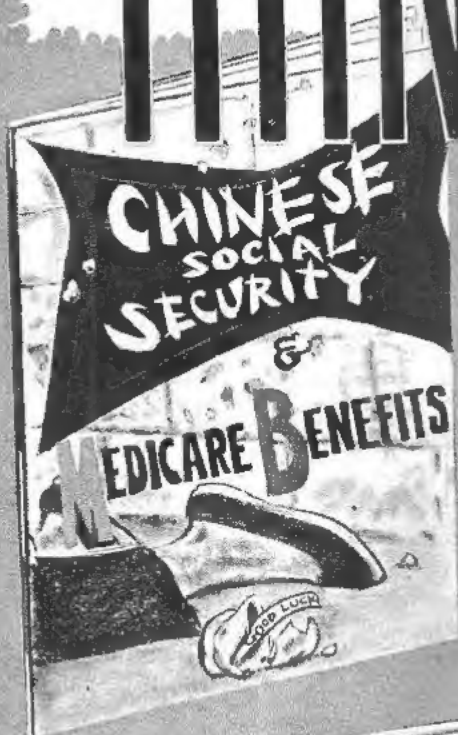
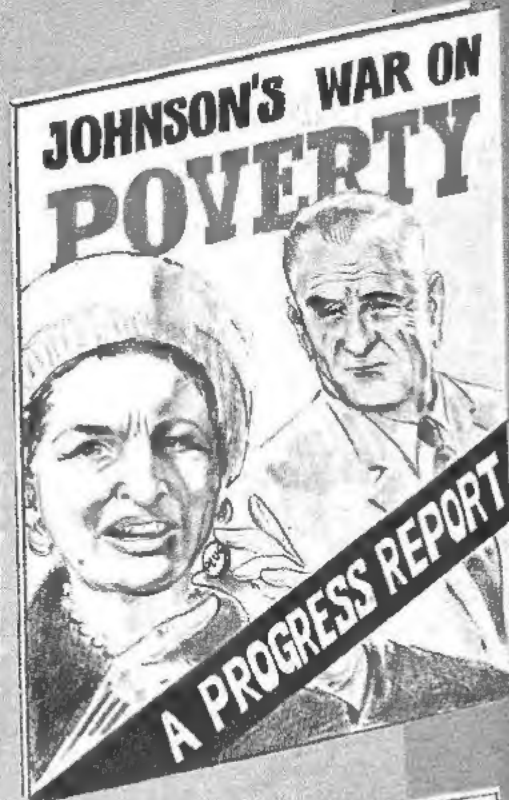
LITERATURE

The latest outlet for sick gagsters is the creation of thin books. These are books with no pages, since the subjects offer nothing to write about. Actually, they consist of only the covers, and the back cover is blank. Anyone can write a thin book, so if you're one of the many who've always wanted to be an author, try your hand at one or more, yourself. The object is to offend somebody—or everybody.

Here are some examples of old and new —

THIN BOOKS

Art by Bob Powell



SWEDISH MORALS



JEWISH FRIENDS
OF THE U.A.R.

THE COMPLETE ESKIMO COOK BOOK



GRECIAN HISTORICAL RESTAURATIONS

INCLUDING MINOS
CRETE
&
ONASSIS



BIG SPENDERS OF SCOTLAND



A TYPICAL
OPEN HANDED
GESTURE

THE
WHO'S
WHO OF
POLAND

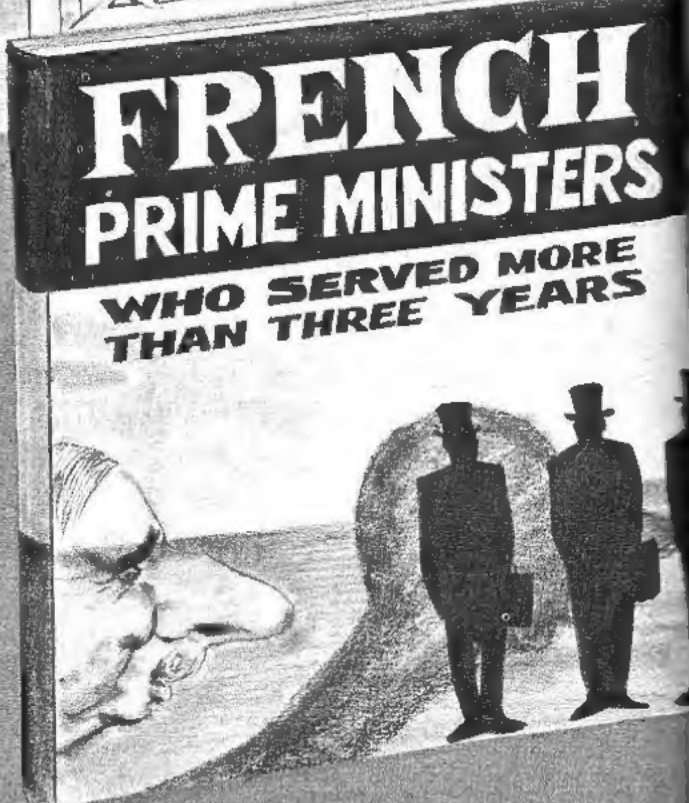
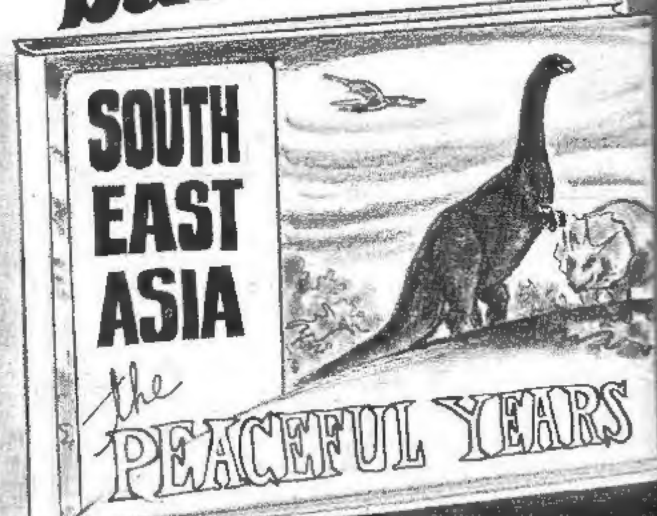
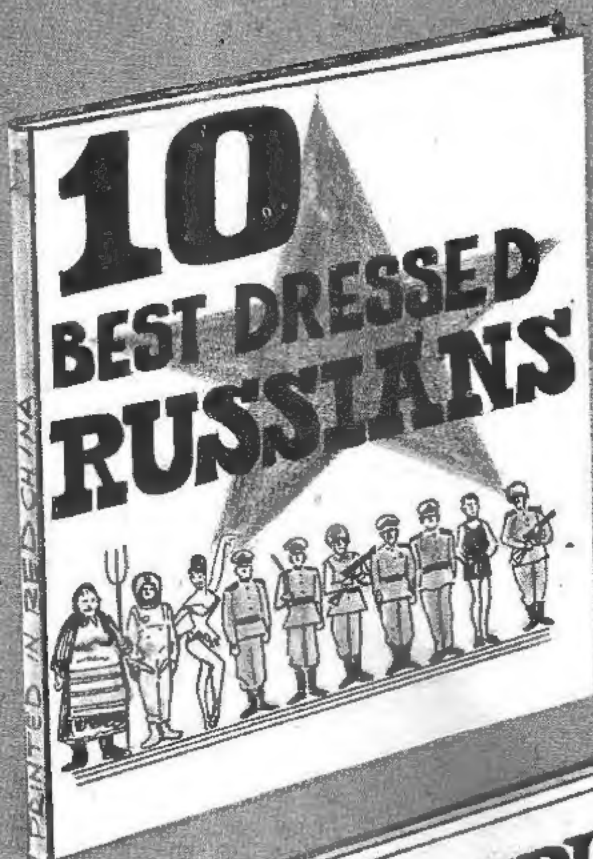


EXTRA BEAUTY
CONTEST
WINNERS

GERMAN PEACE PROGRAMS THROUGH THE AGES



ITALIAN
WAR
HEROES
UNABRIDGED





Dear Mixed-up People:

I would like to comment on your article "Karate School" in your latest August edition. I enjoyed it very much, (or should I say it was very sick?) mainly because I am a Judoka. However, I'd like to put you straight on a few points. First, in a Karate school you aren't thrown around. Your writer must have gotten that mixed up with Judo or Aikido. Also, mats are usually used in a dojo instead of practicing on a filthy floor. Secondly, Karate experts do not train to break bricks. Breaking bricks is only practised on the side lines, as part of the development of the mind-force "ki". As for your puns on "Karate punch" and "Karate chop", they were sick (That's a compliment).

If you or other people are so stupid as to need further information, please write me.

Carroll Scoville
2211 Cadden Road
Augusta, Ga.

P.S. My brother practices Karate and he's got two half-sisters....

Ed: You'd better be good at Karate if you're going to keep stealing our jokes.

Dear Sick Sirs:

Your mag is Fab, A-O.K., and all that jazz, I glanced at the "Sickcerely Yours" column in the *Brand X* issue (no. 44) and saw two letters from my own "bloomin" country spazzos themselves! I especially roared at the last letter! You Yanks are KOOL and I dig you and your hip humor! If we Aussies could get some magazines with humor as good as this, we'd have something to be proud of!

Sick (no wise cracks!) All the Way,
Perry Martin
Omrah Ave. Caloundra
Q'LD, Australia

Ed: Aha! An Aussie on our side!

Dear Ed,

You look Sick on the cover of your June 44th issue of "Sick". I'm sure there is an easier way to plug a hole in "your" head (I'm only kidding).

I read every issue of "Sick" I can get my hands on! It's wild!

Paul Joseph
South Africa
(Warden, O.F.S.)

P.S.: O.F.S. stands for Orange Free State, which is a lie, because there are no

Oranges, nothing for Free, and in a hell of a State! ha, ha, ha!!!

Ed: We don't get it.

Dear Sir!

I picked up my first issue of "Sick". I would like to express my greatest esteem toward your staff!

Linda G. Williams
1823 Stanberry Drive
Fayetteville, North Carolina.

Ed: What staff? This magazine is done by computers.

DEAR IDIOTS:

YOU GUYS ARE REALLY SICK (And I don't mean that as a compliment). In your Article about "NEW JOBS CREATED BY AUTOMATION" you forgot about a guy to burn your SICK magazine.

Your CLASSIC-FRIED ADS are groovey (You find the sickest pen pals that way).

Joel Brickman
Salisbury Road
Westbury, New York

Ed: We hope nobody writes to you.

Dear Sick:

I go along with Ivan (issue 46) that you should have more pics of tantalizing women. This happens to be one of the most interesting subjects to a lot of your readers!

Two-Sentence-Ross
1270 N. Durbin
Casper, Wyo.

Ed: Name another interesting subject, Ross.

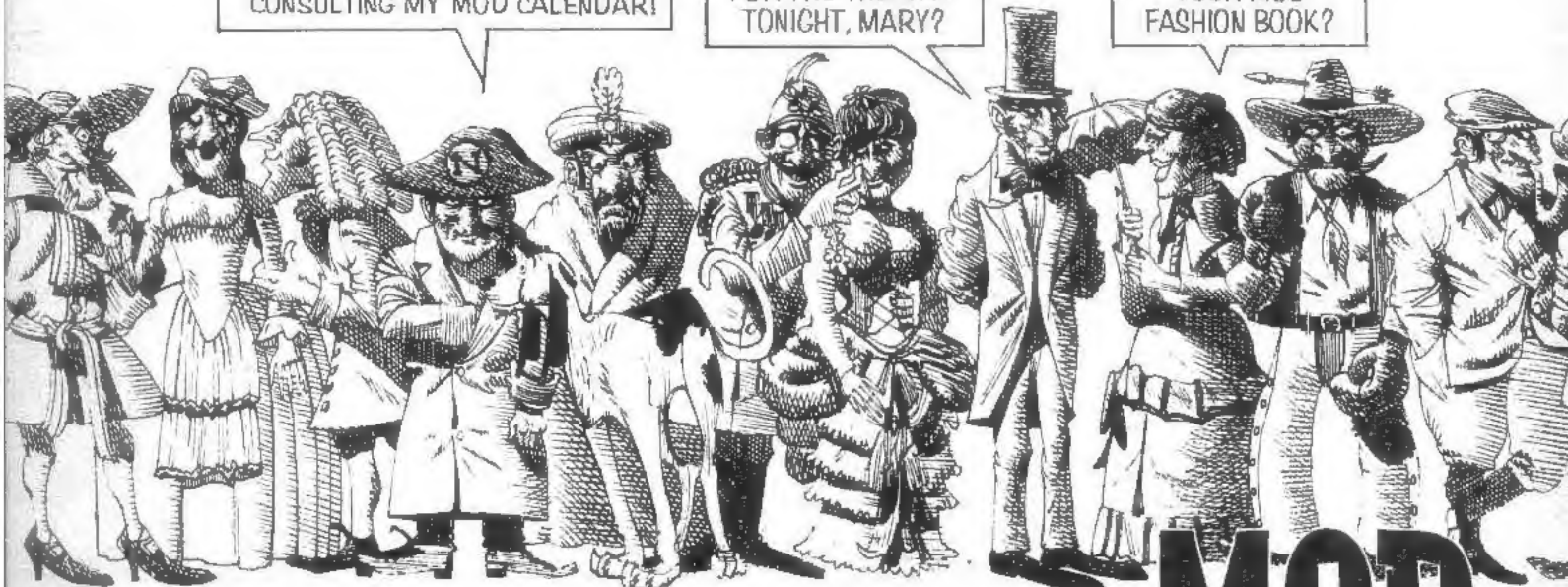
Dear Ed:

I just finished reading your September issue of Sick! I thought that it was just

I NEVER MAKE A DECISION WITHOUT CONSULTING MY MOD CALENDAR!

HOW SHALL I DRESS FOR THE THEATRE TONIGHT, MARY?

WHY NOT CONSULT YOUR MOD FASHION BOOK?



YOUR FABULOUS NEXT "SICK"
A Full Year's Entertainment in **THE BEST OF MOD**

great! Why was it called the outa' space issue?

Dennis Rice
East Sullivan
Maine

Ed: We were evicted from our offices, that's why.

Dear Sick:

I read your magazine continually here in Sydney, and enjoy it tremendously! But how 'bout sending more to us?

Miss Lexie Dwyer
Brighton - le - sants
Sydney N.S.W.
Australia

Ed: At this very moment, Lexie, we have 2 boys swimming over with extra issues.

Dear Sick:

You make me feel well. I do get Sick when Sick is not around at newsstands. But when "Sick" and I get together, good times are had by all!

Amigo, with a big Sombreo hat! Best wishes for Sick!

I am 19 years old.

Carlos Hernandez Cortes
Hanepantla Estado de Mexico

Ed: Then you should know better.

Dear Sick:

I love your magazine! Especially no. 47! I laughed like I never laughed before! I particularly liked your "Television's

Commercial Hell"! Keep up the good work!

Philip Boulding
2670 Bedford R.D.
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Ed: T.V. Commercials are a crime against humanity. We're planning some for Sick.

Dear Sick?

In your Summer Issue (Annual) about the Rebel; I would like to congratulate you for showing what Johnny Huma really was!

John Hilgendorf
410 Allen St.
Laporte, Indiana

Ed: Sick!

Dear Sirs:

As for your trashy magazine, it's boss! You should put more pages in so we readers can get our 30¢ worth!

"Meet Samson, the Newest Met", which was in your August issue, was really boss! So was "Don Addams Around the Channels"! "Fashion Predictions" was dumb! Everybody knows that we won't be looking like Martians by the year 2005 (I hope).

The Kat from D.O.G.
David Stodwell
207 Montana
Victorville, Cal.

Ed: Have you walked around Greenwich Village lately?

CLASSICFRIED ADS

COMIC FANS AND OTHER NUTS— Attention!!

Want to join a great club for comic fans that publishes a fanzine with terrific articles, original heroes, a chance to talk with other fans, get info on upcoming mags, and many, many, many more tremendous features. For a membership certificate and other benefits, plus five big issues of the magazine, just send 60¢ to: Gabe Eisenstein-ComiClub, 7914 Paxton Ave., Chicago, Ill. The first one to write will get the exact same stuff as all the rest. So hurry.

I am conducting a study of different kinds of people. If you would like to make a contribution to humanity and you feel you are a different kind of person, send your story to me for analysis. Jerry Cobb, 8955 S.W. 65th Ave., Portland, Oregon

PEN PALS WANTED

World wide travelled man, 28 years young, wishes to correspond with humans!!! Denis Soares, 1075 Yong St., Toronto, Ontario

(Continued on page 48)

ARE YOU BUGGED BY

SQUARE CALENDARS

and SUPP-HOSE PANTS?

Then listen---



WE ARE PROUD TO ANNOUNCE...
Your SICK Guide to
MODern Fashions...

THE BEST OF MOD

A must for every young hipster who wants to know what to wear to where...

You'll be the envy of your friends with this very slick, sick guide to

fractured fashions... A hundred laughs on every MOD page, and FEATURING—

THE CRAZIEST CALENDAR EVER PERPETRATED

A full year of pin-up entertainment
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SICK..
We urge you to order your edition NOW
at your jolly newsdealer...

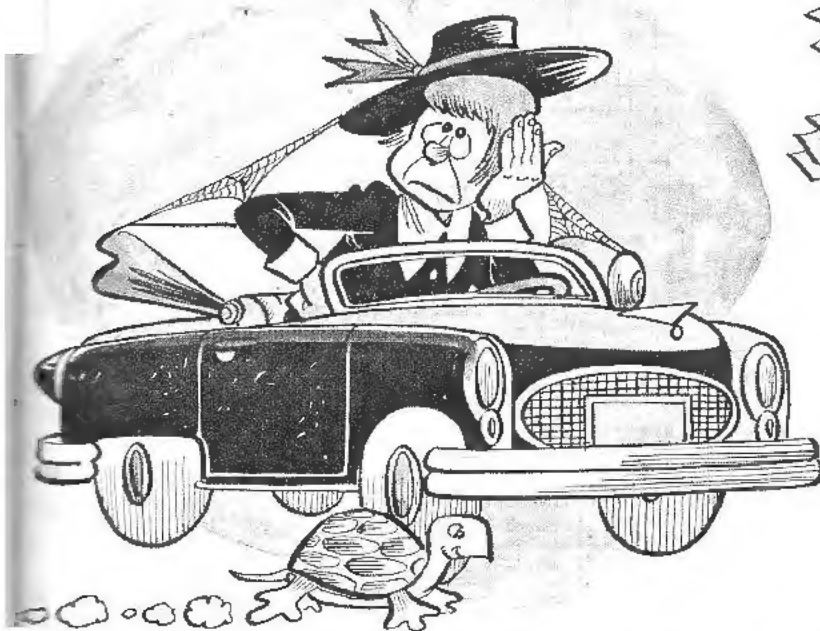
The Nation

NURSERY RHYMES OF THE GREAT SOCIETY

Script by Paul Laikin

Art by Al Scaduto

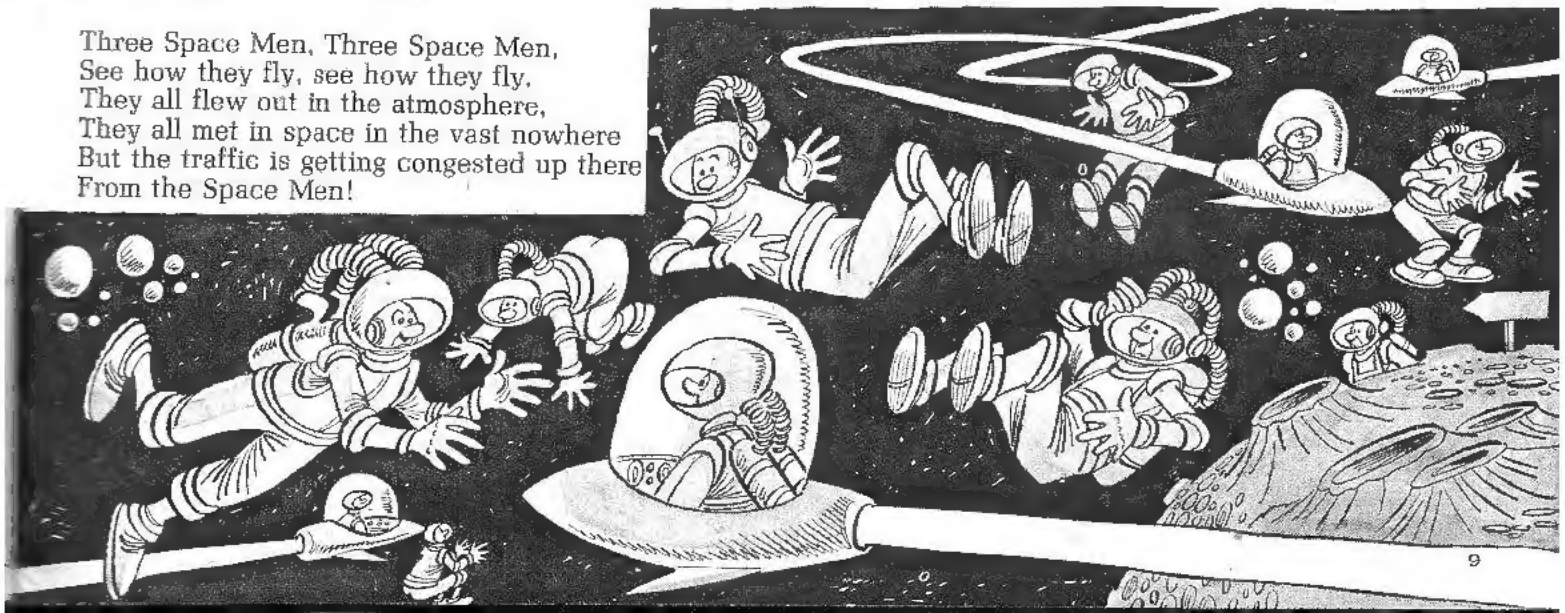
Little Jack Horner
Sat on a corner
Stalled in his car, top down,
The traffic was so
That the car couldn't go
Took him three hours getting crosstown!



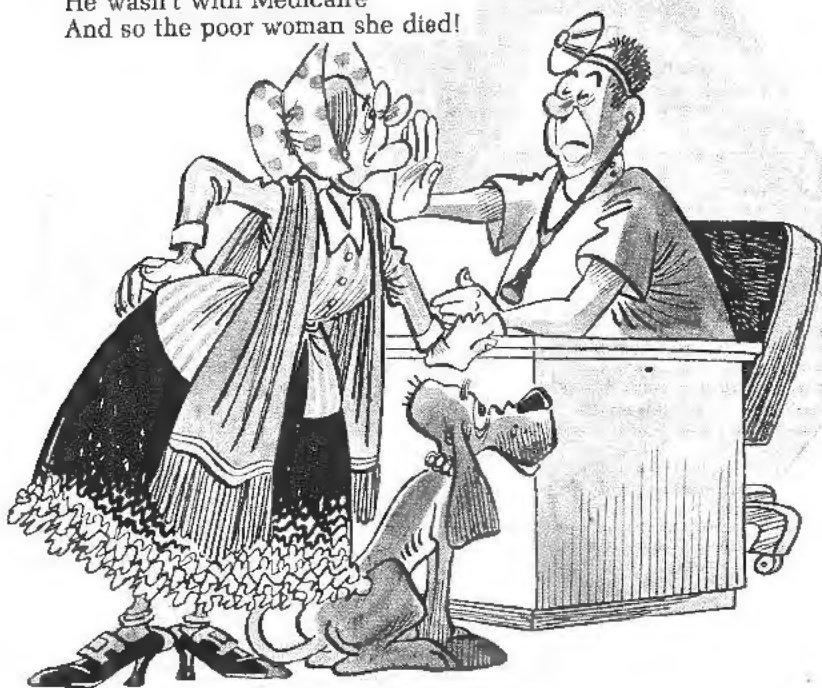
The farmer in the dell
The farmer in the dell
We pay their subsidy
Parity is hell!



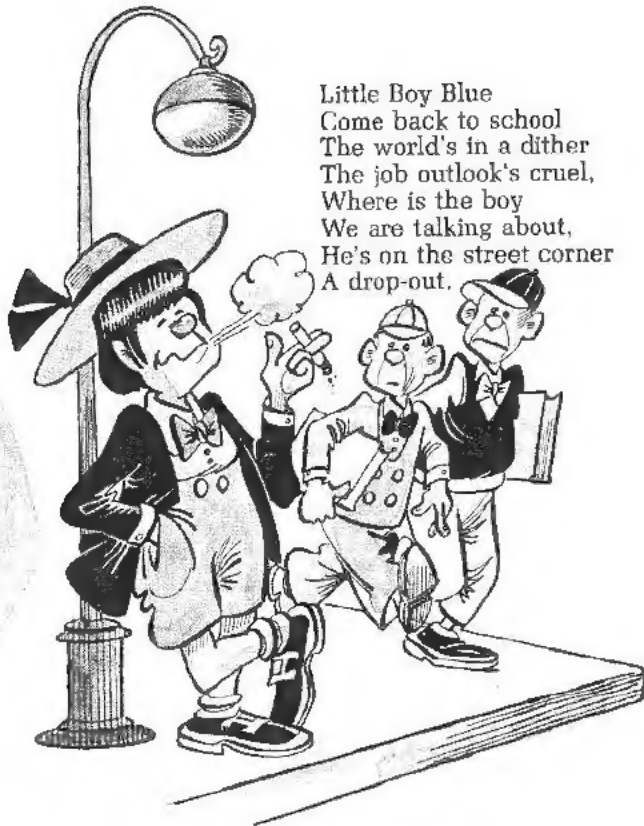
Three Space Men, Three Space Men,
See how they fly, see how they fly,
They all flew out in the atmosphere,
They all met in space in the vast nowhere
But the traffic is getting congested up there
From the Space Men!



Old Mother Hubbard
She went to Doc Cupboard
To help cure the pains in her side,
But when she got there
He wasn't with Medicare
And so the poor woman she died!



Little Boy Blue
Come back to school
The world's in a dither
The job outlook's cruel,
Where is the boy
We are talking about,
He's on the street corner
A drop-out.



Jack and Jill
Went up the hill
To neck, as they were "ready,"
Jack fell down
Jill broke her crown
Serves them right for going "steady!"



Lyndon Johnson went to town
Riding with propriety,
Signed a paper with his pens
And called it Great Society,
Lyndon Johnson went to town,
Lyndon with propriety,
Signed a paper with his pens
And called it Great Society!



Mary, Mary, quite contrary
How does your family grow?
Use birth control and pills untold
And just keep on saying no!

Humphrey Dumphrey sat on a horse
 Humphrey Dumphrey liked to please boss
 But all Lyndon's doctors
 And all Lyndon's men
 Couldn't fix Humphrey's poor backside again!

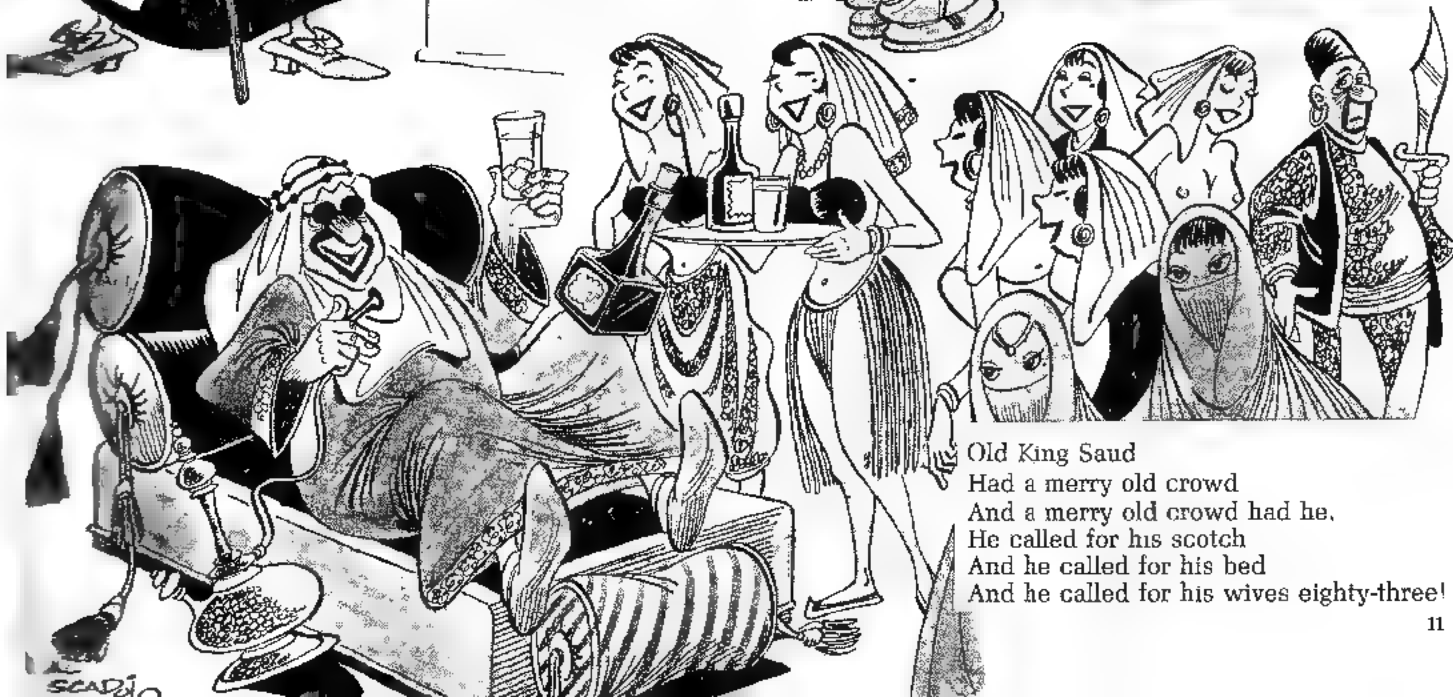


R-F K, R F-K,
 Where have you been?
 I've been to Washington
 Seeing Lyn-don,
 R-F-K, R F K,
 What did you there?
 I sat down for practice
 On his big ol' chair!



Little Bo Peep
 Has lost her job
 Much to her annoy-ment,
 Leave things alone
 And don't you moan,
 There's always un-employment!

Little Mao-Tse Tung
 Spoke with a forked tongue
 What did he do
 The H-Bomb he unstrung,
 How did he make it
 Without any tools,
 How shall he use it
 With his pack of fools!



Old King Saud
 Had a merry old crowd
 And a merry old crowd had he,
 He called for his scotch
 And he called for his bed
 And he called for his wives eighty-three!

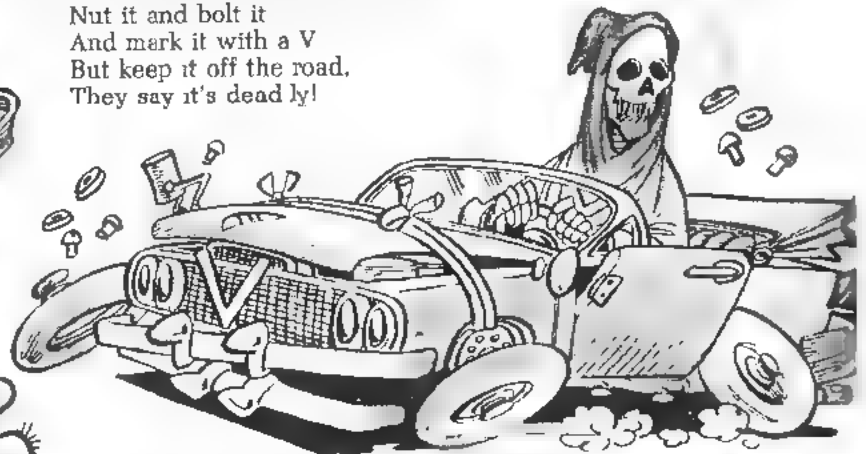
Mary had a little friend
Her skin was brown not white
And everywhere that Mary went
The friend was there in sight.
She followed her to school one day
Which was against the rule,
It brought about a riot at
This segregated school!



Little Miss Muffett
Thought she would rough it
And carried a sign, "Ban The Bomb,"
Along came a stranger
And did rearrange her
Now her sign reads, "Get out of Vietnam!"



Pat-a-car, pat a car, G M. man,
Make me a car as fast as you can,
Nut it and bolt it
And mark it with a V
But keep it off the road.
They say it's dead ly!

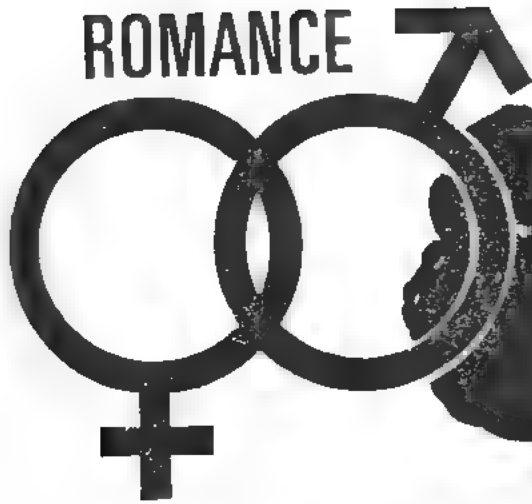


Oh where, oh where,
Has my Linda Bird gone,
Oh where, oh where,
Can she be?
With her overnight bag
And George Hamilton
Oh where, oh where,
Can she be?



Sing a song of poverty
Pocket full of cash
Four and twenty billions
For the poor to splash,
When the pie was cut up
The poor began to chime.
'Where did all that money go,
We still ain't seen a dime!'





ROMANCE

Art by Angelo Torres

Script by Francis DiBacco



This is the year of computerized romance on the college campus. It all centers about **OPERATION MATCH**, a service established by enterprising Harvard undergrads, who feed your vital statistics into an IBM computer memory file and match your qualifications with those of the opposite sex

In a similar spirit of romance, SICK has purchased a computer from the Salvation Army for \$36.18. With this computer we will now be able to assist our readers in finding the proper mate. If you are lonely, just fill out the form and return it to us along with \$3 00. and we will tell you where to go. If you don't dig automation, send us the loot anyway and we will fix you up with a couple of hot numbers.

Here, then, is

OPERATION SICK MATCH

SECTION ONE - ABSOLUTE FACTORS

Certain factors must be satisfied before the computer will test a potential match any further. The factors in this section are of this absolute type, whatever that means. In each of them, however, you are allowed to indicate as wide a range of preferences for your date as you wish

1. My Sex:

- (1) Male
- (2) Female
- (3) Undecided
- (4) I'd rather switch than fight

2. My Race is:

- (1) Caucasian
- (2) Negro
- (3) Oriental
- (4) Martian
- (5) The 4th at Aqueduct

3. My Date's Race Should Be:

- (1) Caucasian only
- (2) Negro only
- (3) Oriental only
- (4) Martian
- (5) White or yellow.
- (6) Green, tan, red, or white
- (7) Yellow, white, green, tan red
- (8) Anything that walks, I'm color-blind

4. I am presently:

- (1) A full time college student
- (2) Part time college or graduate student
- (3) Remedial kindergarten student
- (4) High School dropout

5. I am enrolled in or have attended:

- (1) A four year college
- (2) A two year college

- (3) Reform school
- (4) A trade school at a Federal Prison (Sorry, but we do not recognize trade schools at state prisons)

6. My date's religious background may be:

- (1) Protestant
- (2) Catholic
- (3) Jewish
- (4) Taoism
- (5) Islam
- (6) Shinto
- (7) Like nothing baby

7. My religious background is:

- (1) Protestant
- (2) Catholic
- (3) Jewish
- (4) I dig Zen
- (5) I'm open for a new cult

8. Dating someone of my own religion is:

- (1) Important
- (2) Unimportant
- (3) Persecute the infidel

9. My Height is

- (1) Over 3'6" on tiptoes
- (2) Over 4'2" with elevator shoes
- (3) 5'4" or under
- (4) 5'10" or under

10. The Ideal Height for my date is:

- (5) 5'5" or under
- (6) 6'10" or under
- (7) Goonsville

11. My age is.

- (1) 6 years 3 months
- (2) 14

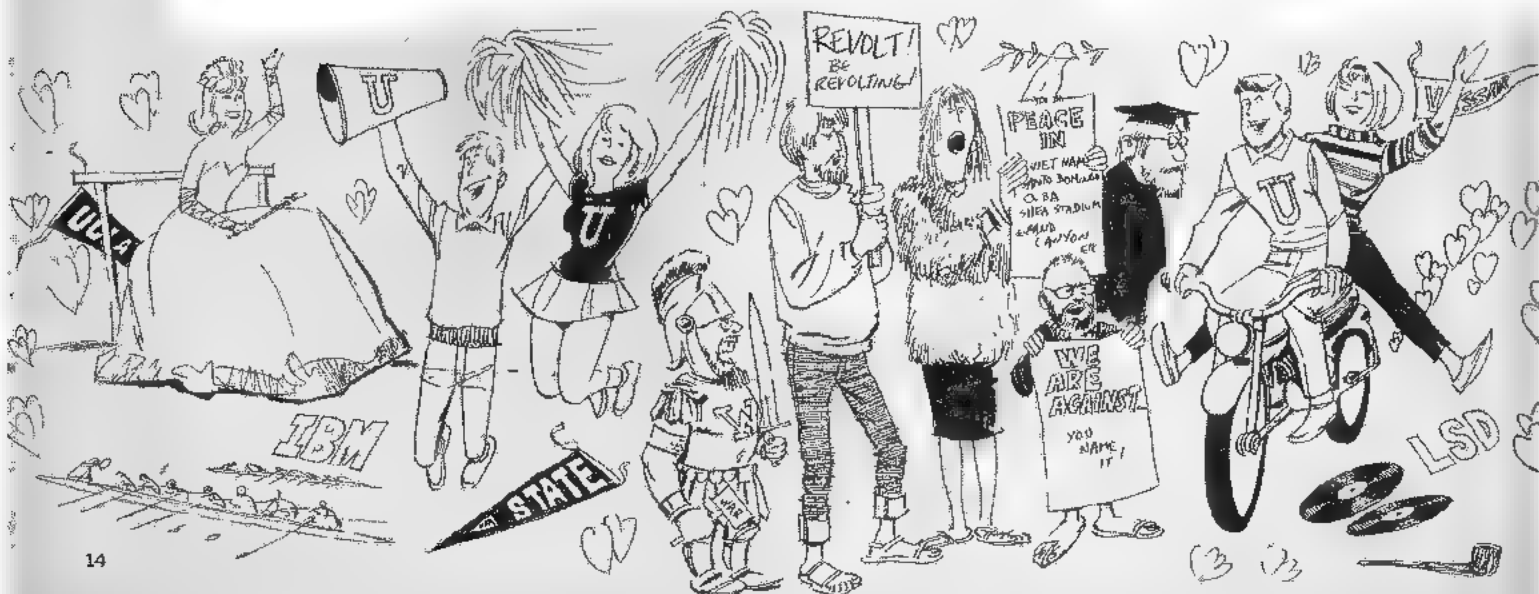
12. The ideal age for my date is:

- (3) 17-21
- (4) 26 light years
- (5) 61
- (6) 103 moons

SECTION II. INTERESTS

Indicate your interest in each of the following activities by writing 1, 2, or 3 in the appropriate box. Use the following code: (1) very interested (2) interested (3) not interested.

- 13 Folk Music and backwoods yodeling.
- 14 Classical music of Nairobi
- 15 New Jazz (bagpipes, jew's harp, musical saw, etc.)
- 16 Devil dancing
- 17 Community Service (Vigilantes, hangings and purges)
- 18 Soul surfing
- 19 Motorcycle clubs (Hells Angels)
- 20 Russian Roulette
- 21 Karate
- 22 Grave robbing
- 23 Swahili language and custom
- 24 Serbo-Croatian language and custom
- 25 Bushman-Hottentot language and custom
- 26 Yo-Yo tournaments
- 27 Truck Farming
- 28 Bloodless bullfights
- 29 Pinocchio
- 30 Playing strip war
- 31 Contact sports (Yeah!)
- 32 LSD Parties
- 33 Muggins
- 34 Sit ins
- 35 Glue sniffing
- 36 Movies
- 37 Smokers
- 38 Automobiles (Stolen)
- 39 Fraternities or sororities (subversive only)
- 40 How important is it to you that your date share the interest you have indicated?
 - (1) Important
 - (2) Unimportant as long as she drinks.



Answer once for yourself and once for your ideal date, as in the previous two sections.

23. My hair is

- 1) Brown
- 2) Black
- 3) A mess
- 4) Any color you like, I'll dye it
- 5) Bald
- 6) I wear a rug

24. My eyes are

- 1) Blue
- 2) Brown
- 3) Crossed
- 4) On you, baby

25. Considering the average for my sex, I wear my hair:

- 1) Long
- 2) Short
- 3) Average on head, long at the temples
- 4) Only when I go out

26. My build (weight in Proportion to height) is:

- 1) Heavy
- 2) Fat slob
- 3) Average
- 4) Light
- 5) 98 lb weakling with a mouthful of sand

27. Members of the opposite sex consider me.

- 1) A Sadie Hawkins
- 2) A Huckleberry Pink
- 3) A real hatchet job
- 4) A dog
- 5) A pig
- 6) Maybe it's my breath

28. Physical attractiveness

(Question 27) is:

- 1) Unimportant
- 2) Slightly important just as long as she is built
- 3) Important, I don't want to get stuck with a loser

SECTION THREE - SITUATIONS

Our personalities are often reflected in the way we react to specific situations. Below are several situations in which individual reactions vary widely. In each case read the paragraph and select the response which is nearest to your own reaction, then write your answer in the appropriate box.

41. A friend of yours has been earning money in the summer by taking a door-to-door sociological survey for a research organization. Some of the questions are quite personal. He offers you a chance to take over the job for a day

You:

- 1) Refuse, saying you don't want a job, what do you think you're in college for.
- 2) Will only take the job if you could ask some of your own personal questions
- 3) Will take it only if the job has something to do with the Kinsey Report
- 4) Decline saying you happen to know that the research organization is the Mickey Mouse Club

42. In a snack bar you overhear a college girl saying how her roommate, an honor student, is in trouble for coming back at 3:00 a.m., two hours past her curfew, from a date at a drive-in movie. Her roommate has explained to the dean that her boy friend's car broke down on a back road.

Your immediate reaction:

- 1) Boy I'd like to take her out

- 2) Would you believe that Ben Hur and the Ten Commandments were the double feature at the drive-in?
- 3) She's a Lar, I saw her at the drive-in on a skateboard
- 3) It's what's happening baby!

43. You happen to receive in the mail two simulated silver spoons, sent by a well-known charitable foundation, with a note asking you to buy them or return them. You realize that you are not legally required to do either, although they do seem worth the price.

You:

- 1) Pawn them and buy a Honda
- 2) Melt them down into an engagement ring
- 3) Would use the spoons and stop using my hands to eat
- 4) Give the spoons and a needle, a syringe, ten milligrams of heroin to a dope addict for a polyanna at Christmas

44. Your roommate gets you a blind date for a big dance. Good-looking, your roommate says. When you meet your date, you are sure it's your roommate who is blind—your date is friendly, but embarrassingly unattractive.

You:

- 1) Give your roommate a karate chop in the neck
- 2) Fall to the floor and laugh or cry
- 3) Take an over-dose of sleeping pills
- 4) Put a flag over her face



SECTION FOUR: AREA

45. How many extra matches, in addition to your guaranteed five, would you be able to meet in the next few months if it is possible to assign them to you?

- 1) As many as you can get me. I'm an exchange student from Arabia and I want to start my harem this semester
- 2) I'll be burned out after five

SECTION FIVE: GENERAL INFORMATION

1. Field of Concentration:

- 1) Humanities
- 2) Natural sciences
- 3) Social sciences
- 4) Booze parties
- 5) Panty raids

2. Political Affiliation

- 1) Republican
- 2) Democrat
- 3) Neo-Whig
- 4) Bull Moose
- 5) Nazi
- 6) Federalist

3. I Smoke

- 1) Regularly
- 2) Never
- 3) Reefers
- 4) In the bathroom

4. Secondary School

- 1) Public
- 2) Private
- 3) Reform

5. I Drink

- 1) Occasionally
- 2) Never
- 3) Bombsville

4) Would you believe I have the most seniority in my local Alcoholics Anonymous group

6. Social Class

- 1) Upper
- 2) Middle
- 3) Lower
- 4) Money isn't everything

7. Academic Record

- 1) A
- 2) B, C
- 3) D or below
- 4) I'm great in Gym and Study
- 5) Would you believe I go to college on a Janitor's Scholarship

8. I Presently Attend Church or Synagogue

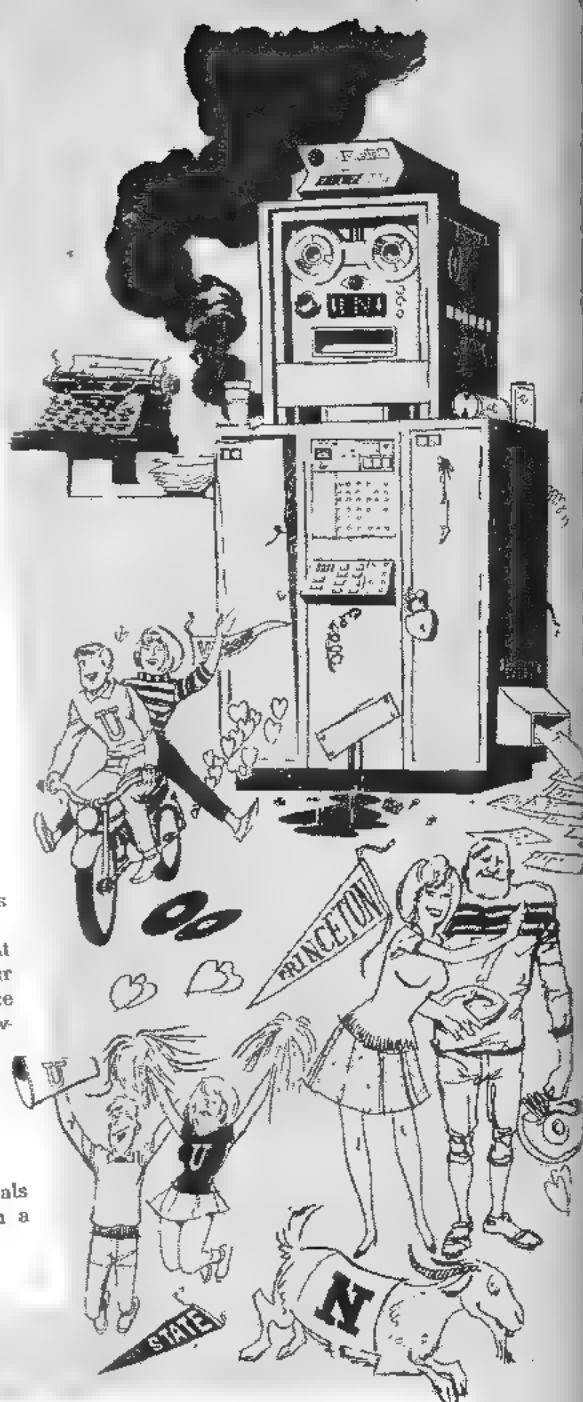
- 1) Once a week or more
- 2) Once a year
- 3) Never
- 4) Would you believe I sacrifice a Field Mouse to the God of dropouts every Arbor Day.

9. Family Income

- 1) Over \$25,000
- 2) Over \$10,000
- 3) Over \$5,000
- 4) Begging has been off this year
- 5) Would you believe that Johnson, after seeing our house, signed a peace treaty on the war on poverty?

10. I come from a town with a population of

- 1) Over 1,000,000
- 2) 100,000 to 500,000
- 3) Over 75, counting animals
- 4) Would you believe I'm a hermit?



SECTION SIX: SEMANTIC DIFFERENTIALS

For each of the following pairs of opposing qualities, select the point on the one-to-five scale which best describes you and enter your answer on the answer sheet. Then do the same for your ideal date. Again, during the second answering, you may enter a zero for any question for which your date's answer is unimportant to you. For example, if you are very talkative, write "1" for yourself in box 11. If you are less talkative, write "2", and so on.

- | | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------|------------------------|
| 11. Talkative | 1 2 3 4 5 | Tongue removed |
| 12. Read avidly | 1 2 3 4 5 | Illiterate |
| 13. Close family attachments | 1 2 3 4 5 | Gypsy orphan |
| 14. Superior athlete | 1 2 3 4 5 | Physical wreck |
| 15. Politically indifferent | 1 2 3 4 5 | Soap box orator |
| 16. Politically liberal | 1 2 3 4 5 | Au2 H2O |
| 17. Do not like children especially | 1 2 3 4 5 | Named in five |
| 18. Not active extracurricularly | | or more paternal cases |
| 19. Conformist | 1 2 3 4 5 | Mr(s) Beatnik 1985 |
| 20. Emotional | 1 2 3 4 5 | Sadist |
| 21. Well groomed | 1 2 3 4 5 | Bad breath, B O , |
| 22. Do not think | | dandruff and acne |
| often of marriage | 1 2 3 4 5 | I do' I do! I do! I do |

YOUR PROPER MATE, AS COMPUTED IN OPERATION
SICK MATCH, APPEARS ON NEXT PAGE



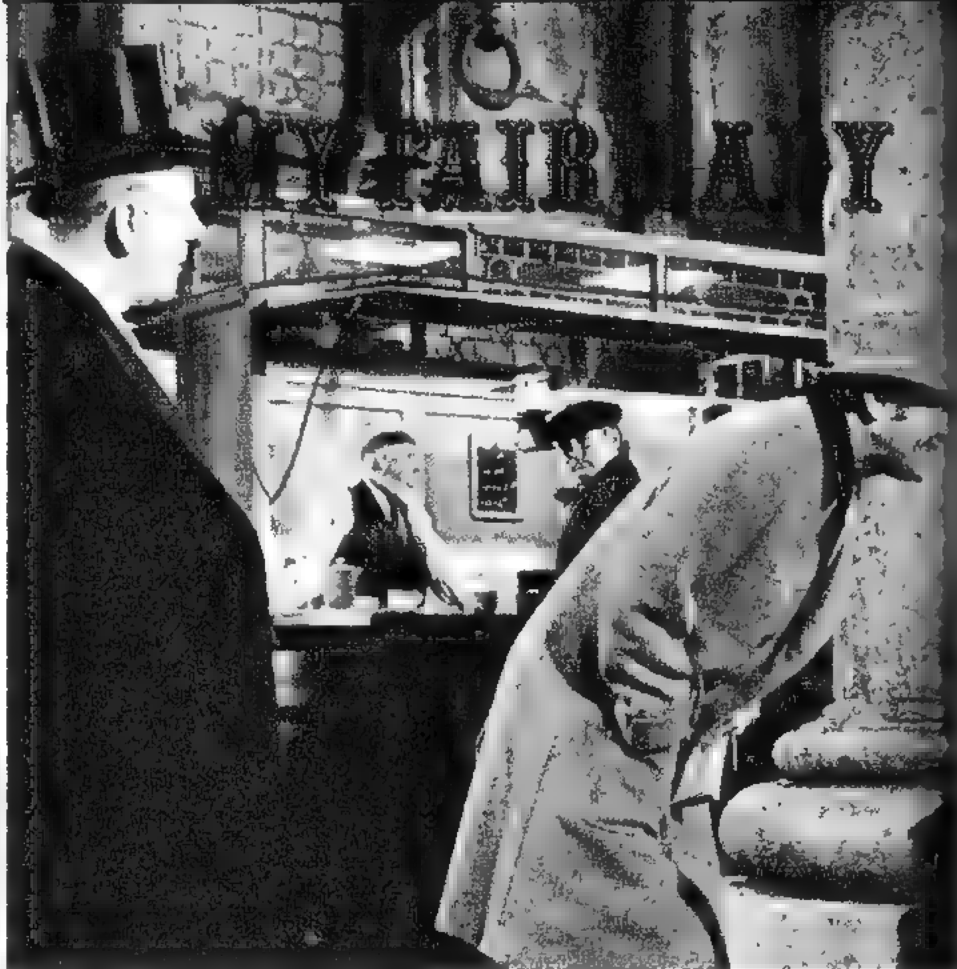
MOVIE SPOOF

The film, *My Fair Lady*, was based on the play, *My Fair Lady*, the longest running musical in Broadway history. Everyone will see it. To make sure of this, the producers plan to show it via Telstar, short wave and, if it still gets by some people—to drop it by parachute.

The play was based on another play by George Bernard Shaw, called *Pygmalion*, which was based on a true incident in Shaw's life, which was pure fiction.

Shaw was a vegetarian, for your incidental-information notebook, a fact that was instrumental in keeping him from becoming a cannibal, according to those who know best—other cannibals. Shaw later went to Hollywood where he changed his name to George Bernard Schwartz and served as a stunt man in *Spanky McFarland* movies.

Jack L. Warner produced the movie, which was directed by George Cukor, no relation. It was done in Super Panavision 70—four years ahead of its time.



1—Open-mouthed. Liza Doolittle stares into the warm face of Professor Henry Higgins (his face is still warm from a heated argument with his pal, Colonel Pickering, left) as she sits at the base of a column in downtown London. Higgins is intrigued by her atrocious Cockney accent. Not only does she drop her "h's," she drops her "b's," "t's" and once, on a windy day, even dropped her "p's." How's that for embarrassment? Higgins, non-plussed, bets Pickering he can make a lady out of her. He recently lost the same kind of bet—he tried to make a lady out of a star weight lifter but the guy wasn't willing—so Higgins is out to get his money back.

And bring back a tongue sandwich for Liza.



2 Higgins, a professor of phonetics (the science of phoney speech), visits Liza at her place of work. It is the village postoffice and Liza, with tongue extended lizard-like, serves as a sponge for patrons to wet their stamps on. Her father was partner in the private-eye firm of Seymour and Doolittle, an old firm, stemming directly from an older joke. The man in the front, wearing a striped shirt, is racing off to referee a basketball game between two topless girls' basketball teams. Higgins is convinced in this scene that Liza's tongue is capable of mastering any language, even English. He is certain he can make her a Duchess in 90 days—with time off for good behaviour.

Sure I've got 97 per cent fewer cavities. I got 97 per cent fewer teeth.



by Bill Majeski

3—The rain brings an excuse for the film's first song —"The Rain in Spain Falls Mainly in the Plain," followed by "I Get the Booze When It Rains," "Monsoon, Maybe Not Tomorrow," and "It Looks Like Rain. Dear—By Heaven, It IS Rain." In this scene, where Liza gets soaked to her garters, she is out in her rock garden wondering why her rocks don't grow. She has been taking voice lessons and shouldn't be out in the rain—her pipes might get rusty. Especially since her mouth is open.

You didn't grant his last request! He asked to go to the bathroom!



4— These six armed grenadiers are the British marksmen required to put the last bullet in Higgins. Actually, it was just a phoney execution eliciting a scream of protest from the open-mouthed Liza. Higgins, about to go into a soft shoe dance here (his shoes were specially softened by paid professional softeners) later gets a chance to sing "I Could Have Danced All Night," accompanied by Caesar Romero, George Raft and Johnny Downs

I dropped one of my "M's" and can't seem to find it.



5—Higgins, who always wanted someone to look up to, looks up at the open-mouthed Liza. He has sent her to Chelsea to charm his relatives by her entertaining small talk. In fact, some of her talk is so small, her listeners have to wear microscopes around their necks to find it. In this scene, Liza, over-wrought, against a background of wrought iron, explains that she knew an unpatriotic female soldier who was "wroughten to the corps."

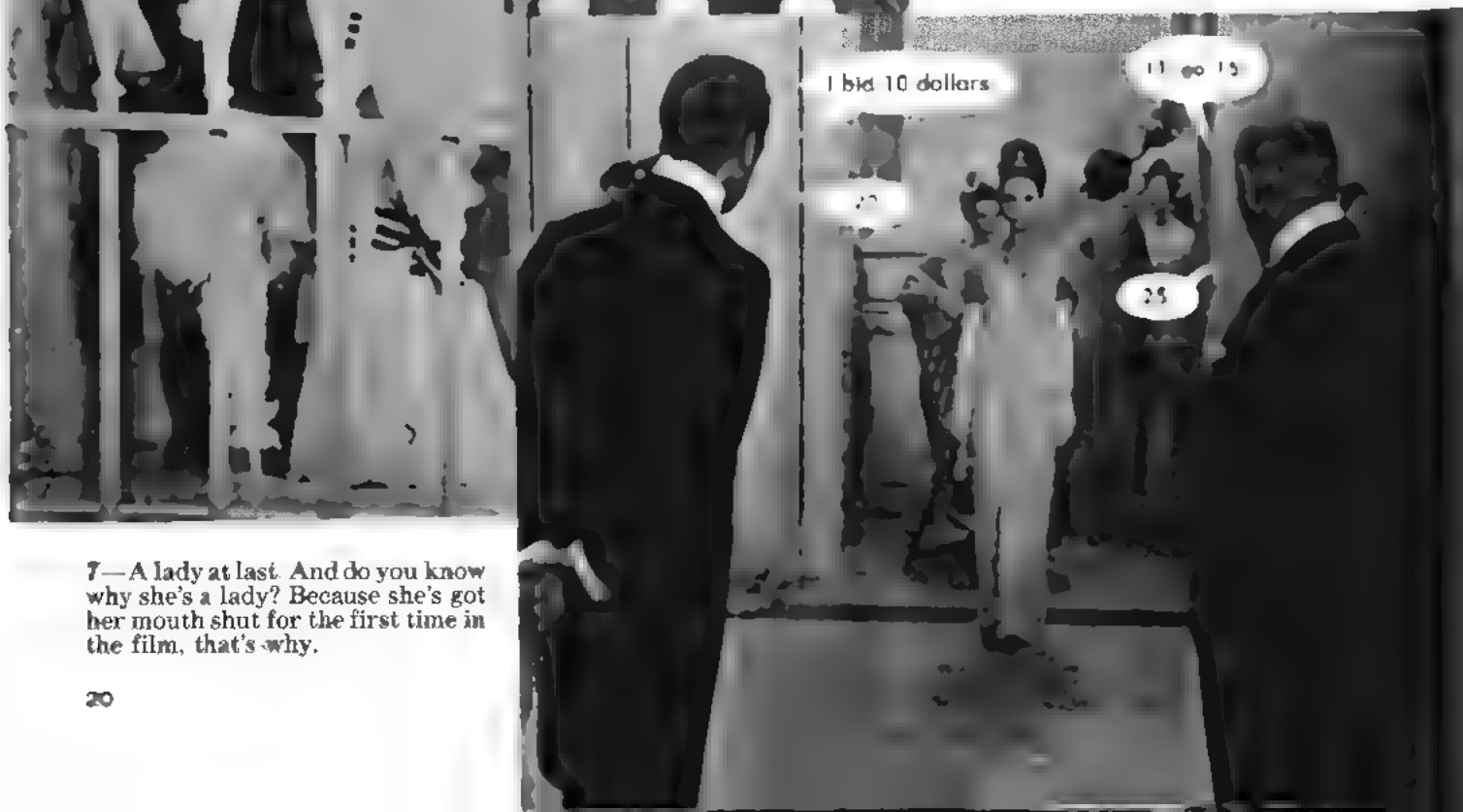


It's called judo and it's to straighten out guys like you who sneak up from behind on girls like me



If I removed her hat, do you suppose her head would fall off?

6 Open mouthed, Liza screams encouragement to a horse at Ascot, or to an ass at Horsecot. Her shouts stamp her as unladylike, but not furlong. She was going to bet her shirt on the nag, but the censors wouldn't let her use Mamie Van Doren as a double. At this stage, Higgins is quite pleased. He has sent her accent back to the Berlitz school and Liza has stopped rolling her "r's" so blatantly in mixed company.



I bid 10 dollars

11 go 15

25

7—A lady at last. And do you know why she's a lady? Because she's got her mouth shut for the first time in the film, that's why.

A couple of issues back SLICK took a poke at the Peace Corps — and almost started another war. This time we're taking a jab at the Job Corps — which could be worse as it might put us all out of work. Especially when they see our version of

JOB CORPS ADVENTURE BOOK

—IN THIS ISSUE —

86 NEW JOBS YOU CAN GET

If You're Not Interested
In Making A Living

**MORE TECHNICAL ADVISORS
NEEDED IN VIETNAM**
(Machine Gun Experience Necessary)

**THOUSANDS OF WHITE COLLAR JOBS
NOW AVAILABLE**

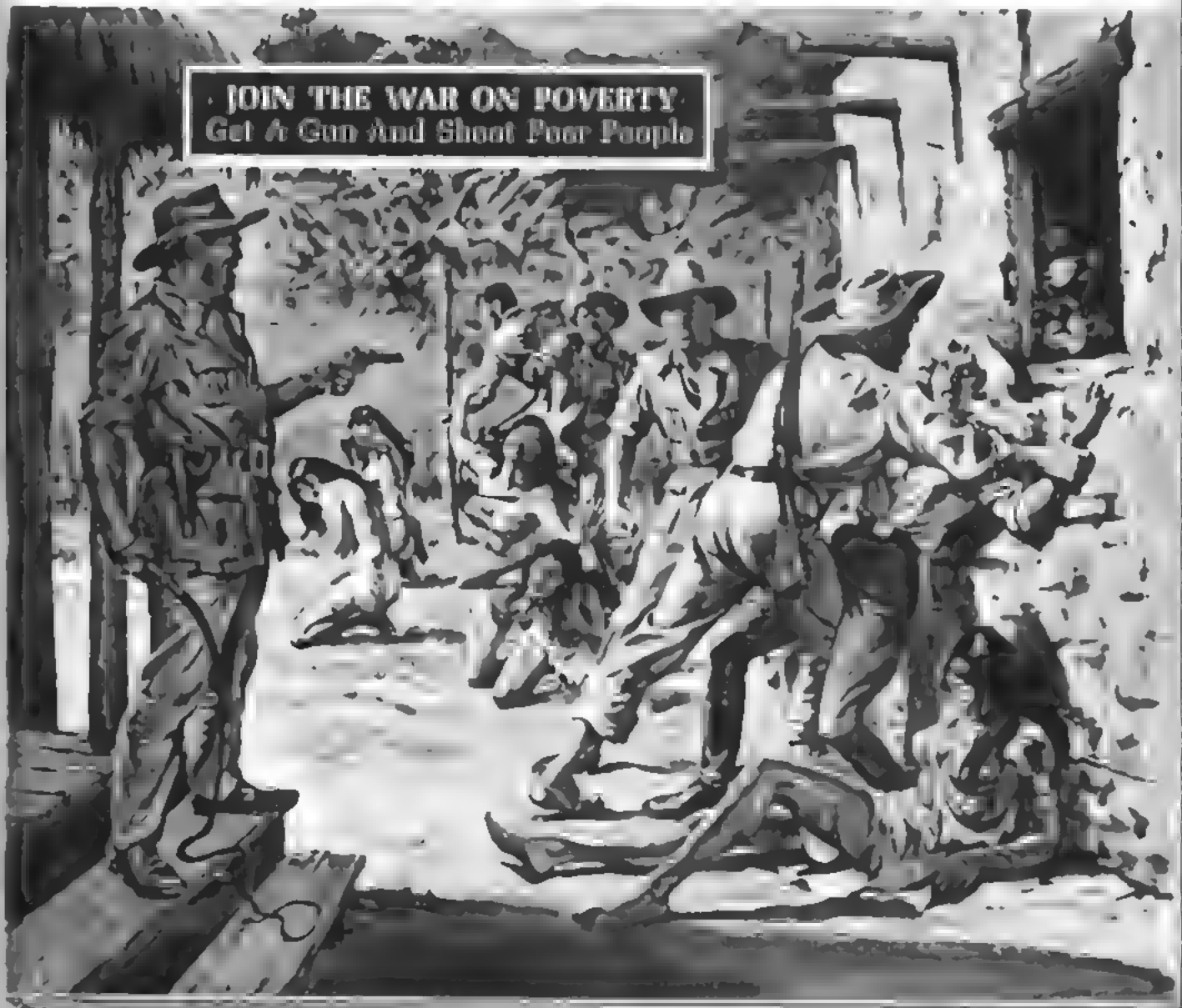
(If You Want To Sew On White Collars)

Winter Season Nearing
LET US GIVE YOU A SNOW JOB!

ENTER BIG NEW CONTEST — WIN A JOB!

(The Job Is To Judge The Contest)

and many other articles!



Script by Paul Laikin

JOB CORPS ADVENTURE BOOK

CONTENTS

How To Live In Harlem On \$5 A Year	17
Haryou? I'm Fine!.....	23
Two Jobs For Every Man In Walla Walla, Washington.....	31
Going On Relief Can Be Fun	39
Thousands Of Fine Jobs Now Available (In Vietnam)	42
Become An Astronaut Overnight (No Experience Necessary We Send You)	48
Should We Admit The U.N. Into Red China?	51
Fiction Bonus: I Was A Spy From The Peace Corps!.....	57
Creating Man-Made Jobs In Place Of Jobs Formerly Held By Machines	71
What's So Great About The Society?	77
Let's Find A Job For Pinky Lee.....	82
More Pushcart Peddlers Needed In The Bronx.	86
Help Fight Poverty At Any Cost	99

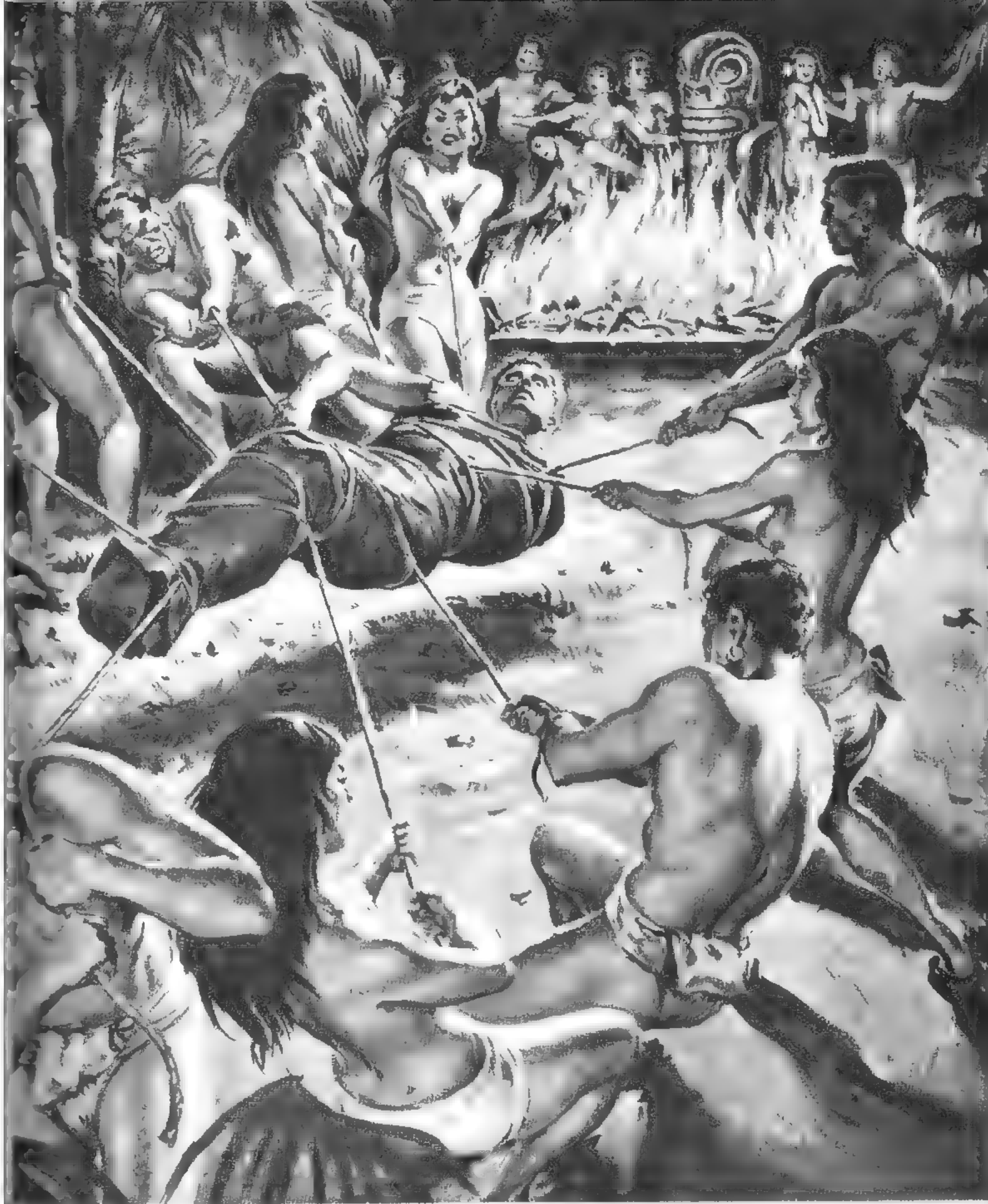


15 New Positions You Can Choose From CENTERFOLD

THE JOB CORPS WEEKLY is published irregularly in poor neighborhoods every time the Government sends in funds. Subscription rates vary, depending on how much we can get. Second class postage permit still pending in Senate Committee. Not responsible for any misuse of jobs sent thru the mails, but if there's money in it we'll take it. Any similarity between persons depicted in this magazine and persons living, they're better off dead!



101 Things



You Can Do While Waiting On Unemployment Lines

NEWS OF THE OUTSTANDING WORK WE ARE DOING

**JOB
CORPS
ADVENTURE
BOOK**

Since the Government keeps giving us billions of dollars to solve the unemployment problem, we're going all out to see to it that every person in America has a job — whether they want to work or not. Before the year is out, nobody will be out of a job. And those who already have a job, we'll give them another job.

We'll create new jobs where none have stood before. If we can't, we'll create a Company, then create a job in it. We'll even create man-made

JOB CORPS PROJECT No.10974: Using Girls



jobs in place of jobs formerly held by machines. If Automation does come, and a machine takes over your job — we'll see to it that two men are brought in to work the machine.

Our plan is to do away with all leisure time. "Work, Work, Work" is our motto. No more unsightly unemployment lines, ridiculous relief centers, weirdo welfare boards. Soon everybody will be working — men, women, children, old folks, dogs, cats — everybody! We'll even send retired people back to work.

We'll have more jobs than we'll know what to do with — more jobs than is really necessary. Nobody will sit back and enjoy under our program. You'll work until you fall down — and when they bring you to the hospital we'll find work for you there too!

A JOB FOR EVERYBODY — WHETHER THEY WANT IT OR NOT!

We'll even have guys whose job it is to do our job for us. In fact, we Job Corps people will be the only ones not working — we'll just sit back and see to it that everybody else does! No more being poor. Soon everybody will be making money. Only trouble is, you'll be so busy working you won't have time to enjoy it!

That's the kind of organization we are. You ask, how do we finance this ambitious project? That's easy! By taxing you plenty on all the money you make on the jobs we send you to! Remember — while we're working for you — you're working for us!

In Underdeveloped Areas



NEW JOBS CREATED BY SPECIALIZATION

**SIGN MAKERS FOR PROTEST MARCHERS
SHEET MAKERS FOR KU-KLUX-KLANSMEN
SOAP-BOX MAKERS FOR STREET CORNER POLITICIANS
TROUBLE MAKERS FOR THE JOB CORPS**

Due to the tremendous job specialization in business and industry nowadays, new and interesting positions are constantly being created. Today we hear of all sorts of highly specialized jobs that were completely unknown twenty-five years ago. And your Job Corps has wasted no time in providing these new jobs to poor, unemployed people.

For example, some of the new jobs we've filled this month range from sign makers for protest marchers to ushers for TWA flight movies.

In the sales world, we have our job trainees selling trusses to moving men, selling matches to draft-card burners and selling doughnuts to midgets for toilet seats.

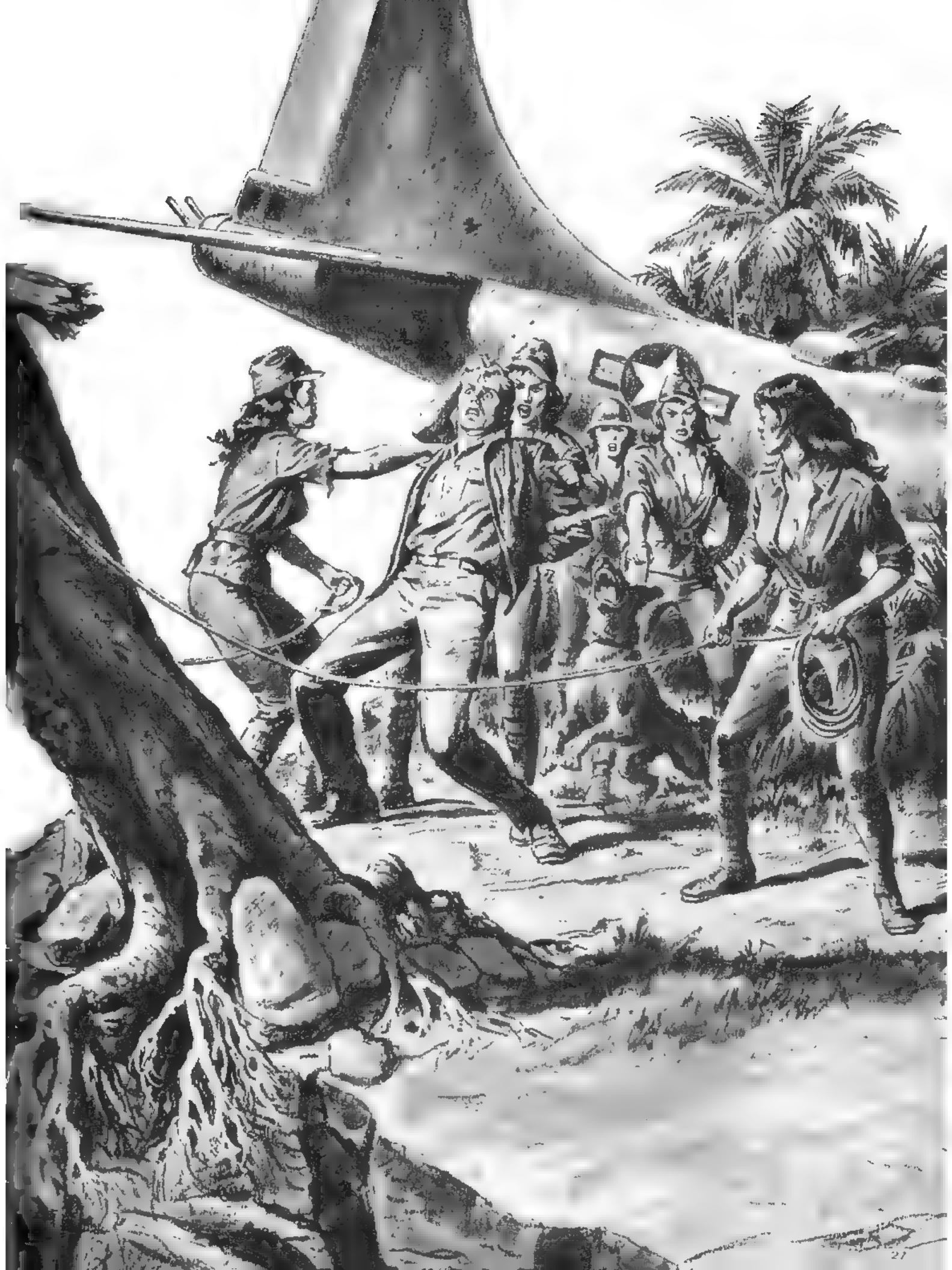
In the commercial world of advertising, our workers have been doing everything from writing suicide notes for despondent, busy executives to pasting up ransom letters for illiterate kidnapers.

One of the big jobs today that can always use able-bodied men is that of street cleaners for campuses after student riots. Even some of the old jobs are coming back — real nostalgic positions like shepherds, vikings, Kamikazee pilots, Edsel dealers, etc.

So you can see, no matter what your training or experience is there's a job for you so don't worry. Even if you're the type who worries you shouldn't worry. We can always give you a job as a worrier for a boss who hasn't time to worry. Of course, collecting your salary will be your first worry!

Special:

**"I
WAS
A SPY
FOR THE
PEACE
CORPS!"**



A TYPICAL DAY IN A JOB CORPS CENTER



Here we see the volunteers at a big city Job Corps Center busily at work - seeking to bring that entire neighborhood brims with activity and industry.



As a job call comes through, the volunteers systematically process it and begin their dedicated task of trying to fill the position immediately.



Applicants are then lined up and interviewed for the job - in a manner keeping with their dignity and self-respect even though they are poor.



The job is one that takes place in the great outdoors and is typical of the many fine and healthy positions offered by the Job Corps program.

VISITORS



From time to time, SICK will attempt to silence its critics by featuring an educational piece.

With such keen interest being shown in water sports, we feel it is our duty to devote a winter issue to the subject. As an added feature, readers may order any of the products mentioned with the order blank attached at the end of the section.

HOW



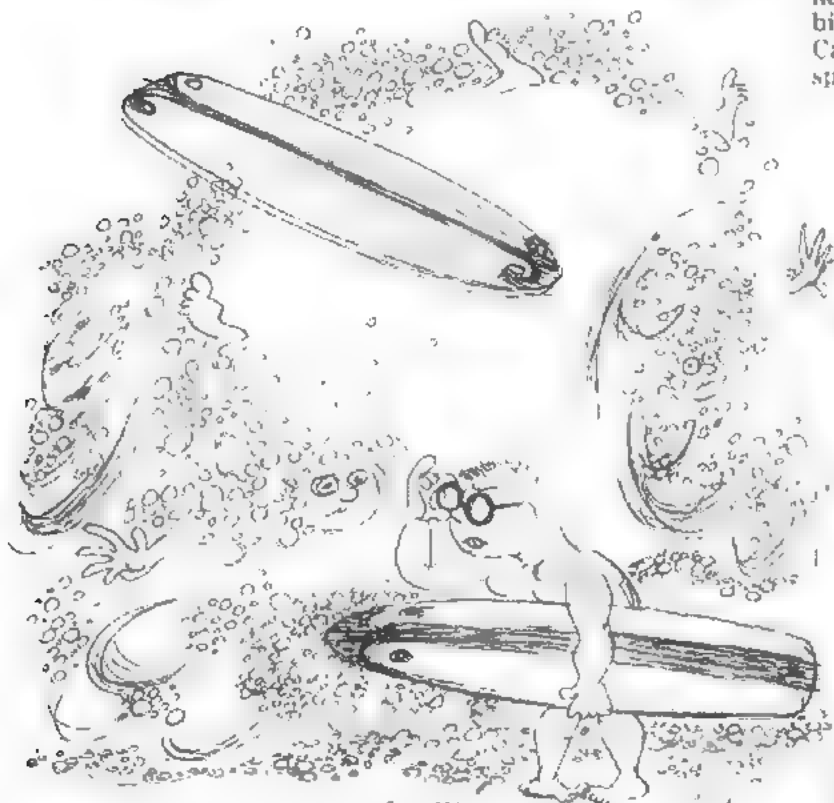
Step 1—Equipment

You must select the right equipment, making sure the surfboard is suited to your size and weight. If you do not have a board, you can order it from us. Our boards are made of 14,691 White Oak popsicle sticks.

Step 2—Getting to the Surf

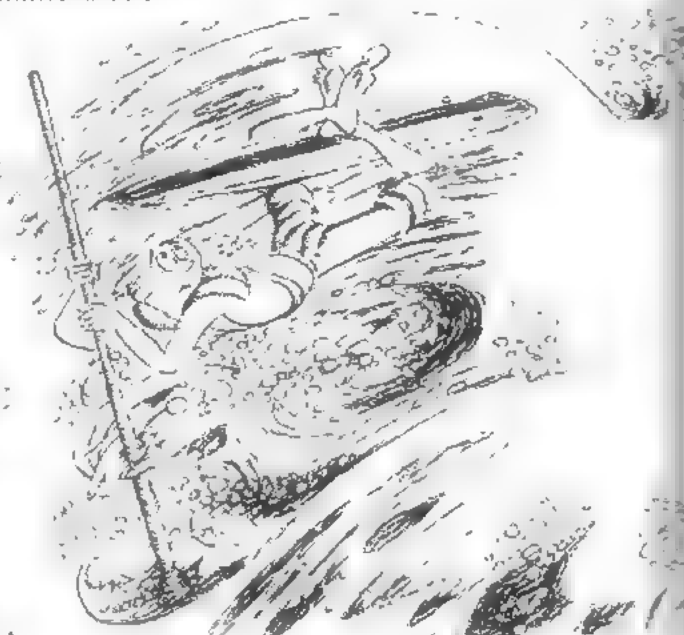
The "in" cars for surfers getting to the beach are: a 1936 Packard Hearse, or any Volkswagen. If you have a Volkswagen, we'd advise you not to go over 15 miles an hour without a parachute. For those with no transportation we have 28-inch Schwinn girls' bikes.

Caution: Do not nail board to car roof. You may splinter board.



Step 5—Putting Board In Water

When putting board in water, always point it towards the waves. If you have trouble finding the waves, send for our *Book on Wave Finding*.



Step 6—Paddling

Never paddle through the surfing area. Paddling is the key to success for the beginning surfer. The secret is relaxation. Remember, always paddle on top of surfboard. If you paddle from underneath you will scrape your head.

TO SURF

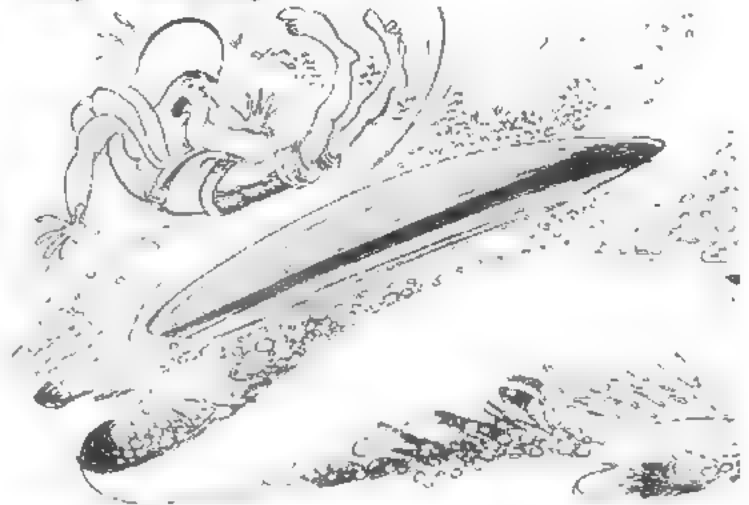
Art by Arnold Franchioni

Script by Francis DiBacco



Step 3—Carrying Surfboard

When at the beach, carry board under your arm. Look both ways before you turn. Any quick turns on a crowded beach could cause a few concussions. For your safety we have a limited supply of steel skull caps. The girls may order three steelplated skullcaps.



Step 4—Slipping on Surfboards

Old time surfers will tell you to use a block of paraffin wax on your board to prevent slipping. But we have found out that molasses does a better job. (It draws flies though).



Step 7—Paddling out to Sea

Always be sure you are out of the way of incoming riders. If not, you may wind up with a surfboard in your mouth. If this should happen, send for our list of Ubangi pen pals.



Step 8—Catching the Wave

For beginners, it's better to surf in the soup (white waves). As you catch the wave don't stand up right away or you will nose into the water at the bottom of the wave (Pearling), or get dumped from the top of the wave into the soup (over-the-falls). If you keep falling off your board, nail your feet to the board. We have a limited supply of 10-inch spikes. If you can't swim, we have just the thing you're looking for. Bright red rubber gloves. These gloves can be seen miles away so when you're going down the third time, they'll know where to dredge for you.



Step 9—Riding the Wave

Now you're on the wave. Arch your back, and move your weight to the rear. This is to avoid pearling. One foot should be in front of the other. Always face the beach. If you don't, you may hit a reef, a buoy, or the boardwalk. For accelerating, merely walk forward foot over foot. This is known as "walking the nose". If you have trouble finding the beach, send for our booklet, *Beach Finding*.



Step 10—Turning

Turning is very simple. Your trail foot is your turning foot. Dig your foot in the right rear and you'll turn right; left rear, left, etc. Always stick your hand out for turns. At the present time we have some surfboard turn signals if you're interested.

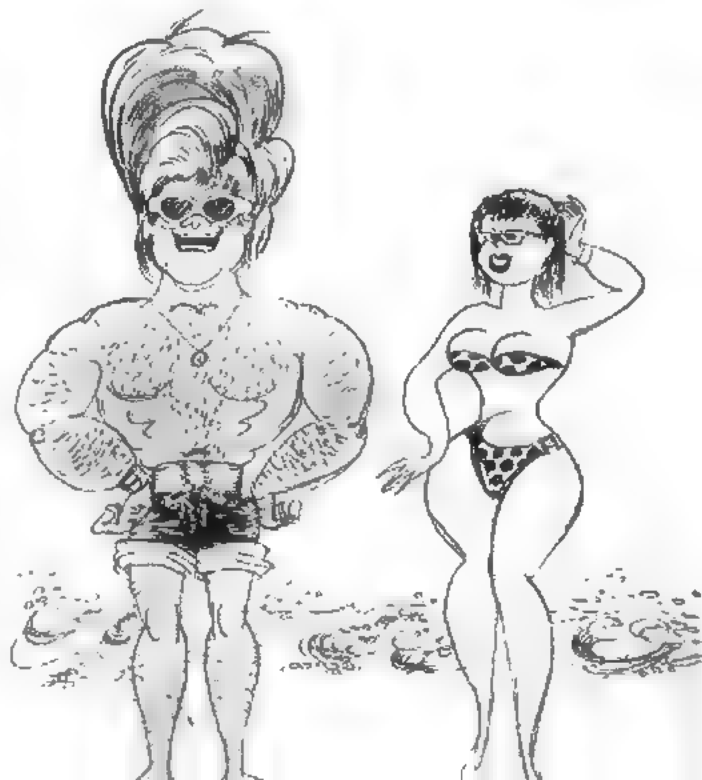


Step 13

Well kids are you all stoked (excited)? Do you want to be a grammie (beginner)? Surfbum, Beachbunny? Are you ready to ride a curl (the breaking part of a wave)? Who's going to ride the surf and be a Hodad (Top Performer)? Who's gonna pearl on the pipeline and wipeout in the soup?

We showed you how to surf and the preceding paragraph tells how surfers talk. Now we will show you how to be one.

- 1- Everybody has to have blond hair. If you don't, stick your head in Mom's washer on wash day. If you'd rather, order a blond wig from us, okay.
- 2- Girls' hair must be straight, so get out your irons.
- 3- If you guys want to be surfbums, buy a pair of baggies (trunks).
- 4- If you girls want to be beachbunnies, buy a mini-bikini.





Step 11—The Big Surf (Heavies)

The easiest way to handle the heavies is with the "Big Wave Crouch". This combats wind and the fast drop. A quick turn would spin the board out of the wave and send the surfer flying. To be prepared for this, we suggest you send for our book, entitled, "Skydiving, Freefalling, and Yelling for Help at 10,000 Feet"



Step 12—Safety

- (a) For beginners here are a few places we'd advise not to surf:
 1. Niagara Falls
 2. Rocky coastlines
 3. Your bath tub
 4. Flooded cellars
 5. Gutters after a rainstorm
 6. Storm drains
- (b) Do not take dares, be yellow
- (c) Avoid riding into trouble. If you see the bully who stole your girl, paddling out, run him over.
- (d) Whenever you take a spill and are being churned beneath the surface, remember to relax and try to remember how to swim.
- (e) When you are swimming shoreward after a wipe-out (loss of surfboard), turn around constantly and keep your eye out for loose broads—I mean boards!!

Surfing Order Blank

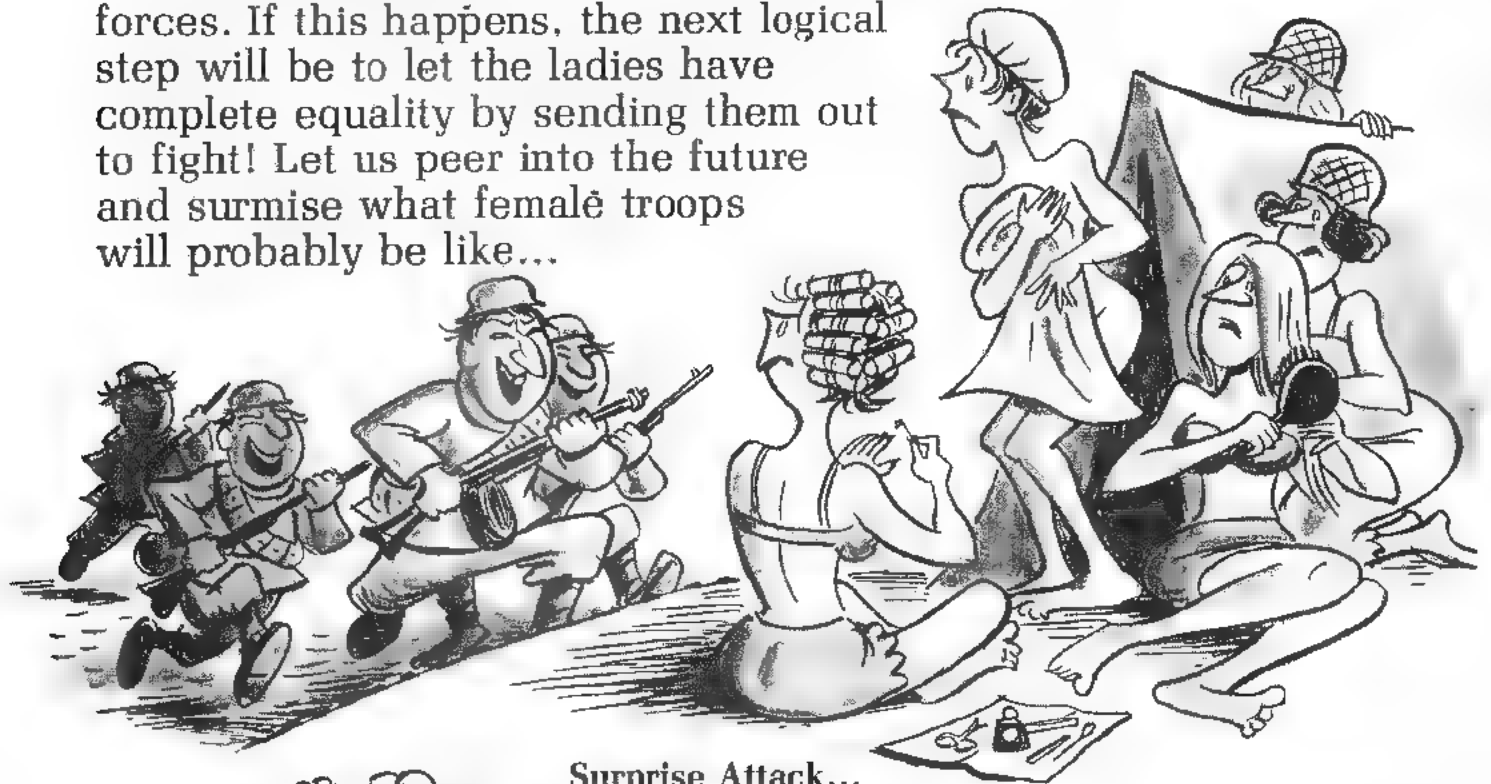
1. Send me—Surfboards made of 14,691 White Oak Popsicle sticks (dismantled)
2. Send me—Rolls of scotch tape for putting my board together
3. Send me—28" Schwinn Girls Bike (learner wheels extra)
4. Send me—Pant leg clips
5. Send me—Steel plated skull caps
6. Send me—Booklets on Wave Finding
7. Send me—Pairs of Red Rubber Gloves
8. Send me—Booklets on Beach Finding
9. Send me—10" Inch Spikes
10. Send me—Sets of Surfboard Turn Signals
11. Send me—Booklets Entitled Skydiving, Freefalling, and Yelling for Help at 10,000 Feet
12. Send me—Surfing songs—(dirty) (clean)
13. Send me—Blond wigs made from the hairs of an albino gorilla.

5- Make up your own surfing tunes. Here are a couple. If you want more you can order them from us:

FWONT LINE TWOOPS !!

by B. Wiseman

Recent magazine articles have suggested that girls should be drafted into the armed forces. If this happens, the next logical step will be to let the ladies have complete equality by sending them out to fight! Let us peer into the future and surmise what female troops will probably be like...



Surprise Attack...



Helmet
Camouflage...



Retreat...

Diversionary Tactics...



Hand-to-Hand Combat...



Motorized Tactics...

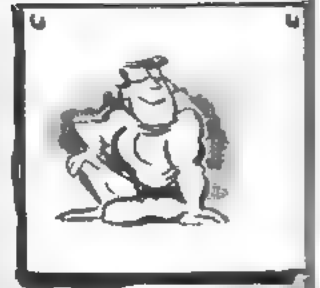


Trouble With M.P.'s On Leave...

SALE!



Out Of Uniform...



Pinups...



Password...

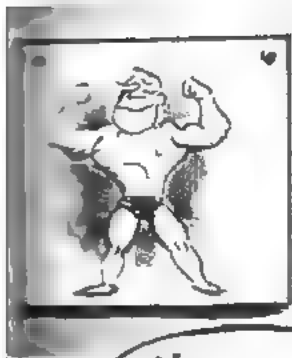


Inspection...



Mascot...





NUMBER 5!



Medals...

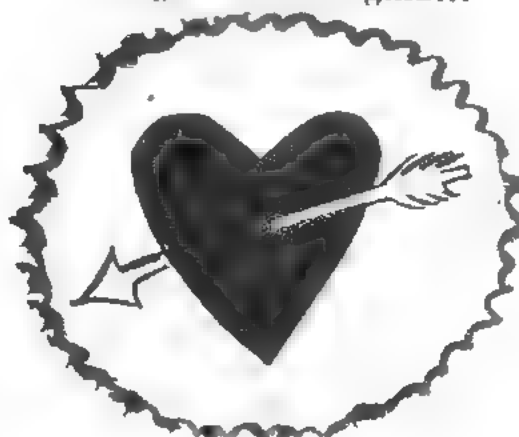
Secret Orders...



Secret Weapon...



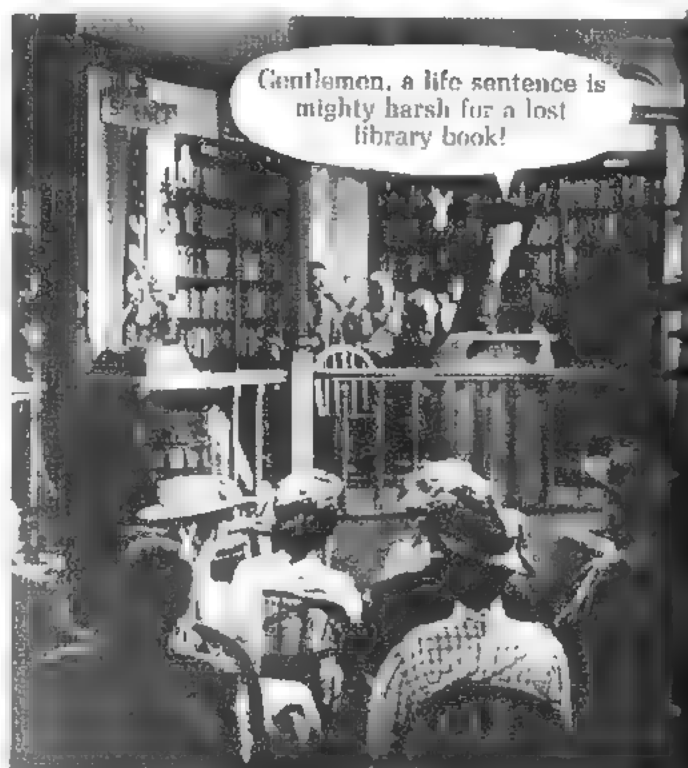
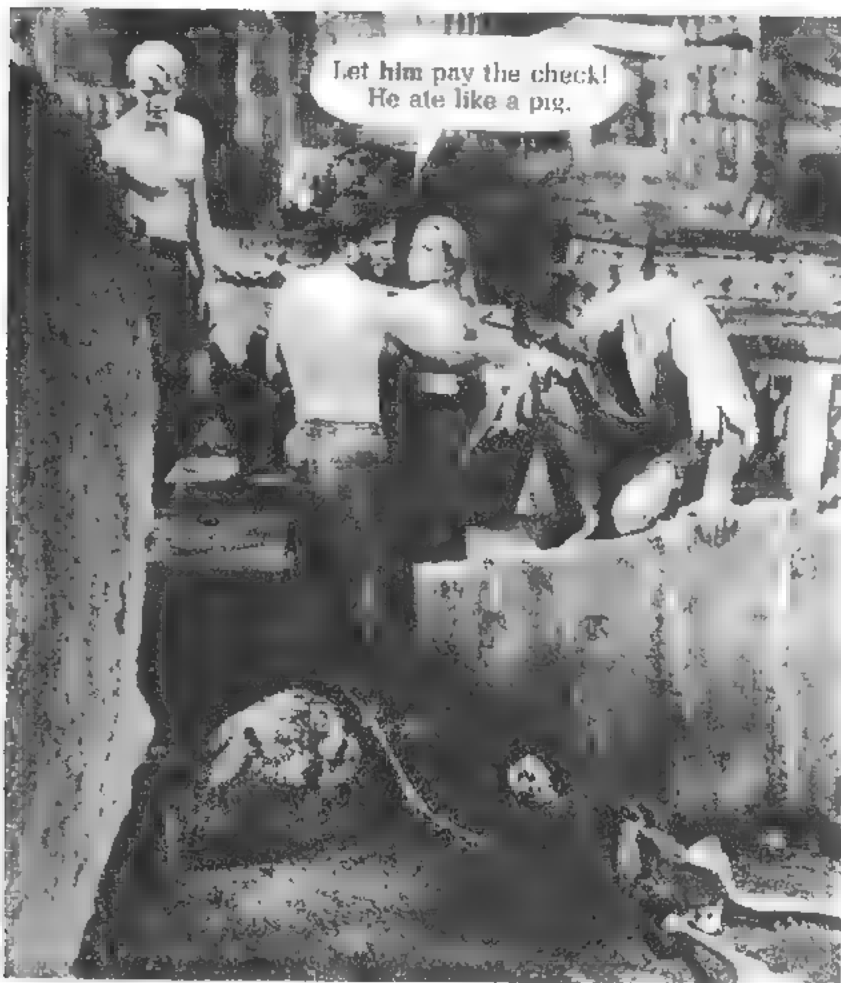
Regimental Insignia...

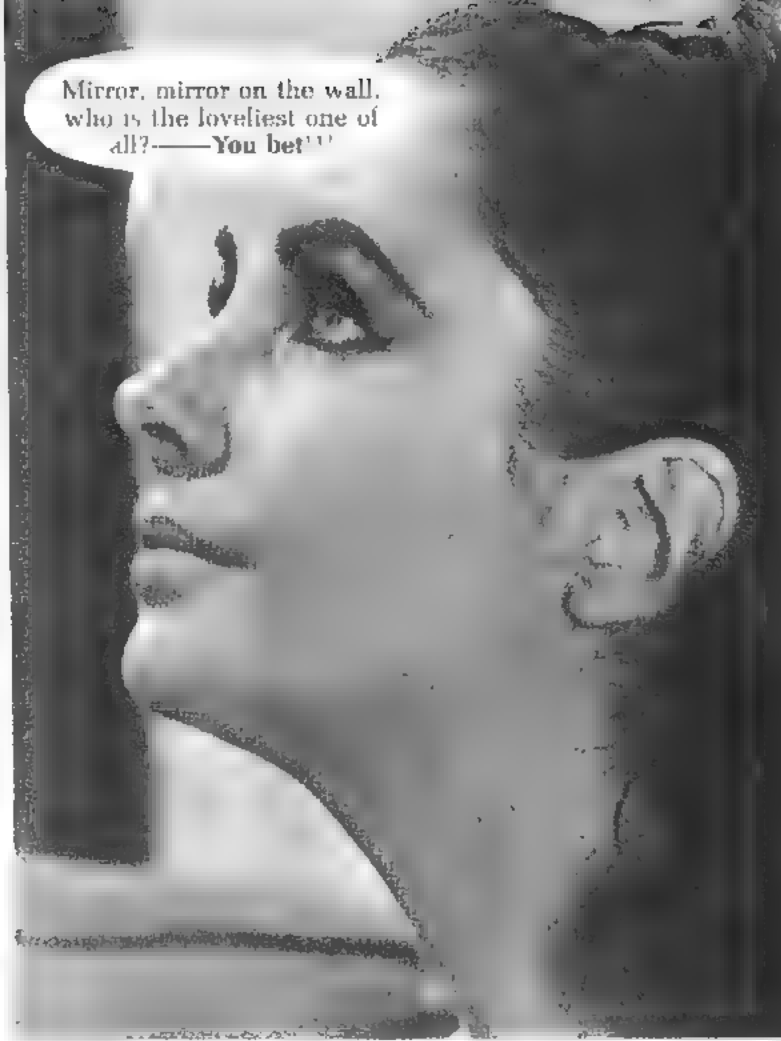


Communications...



LOOK WHO'S

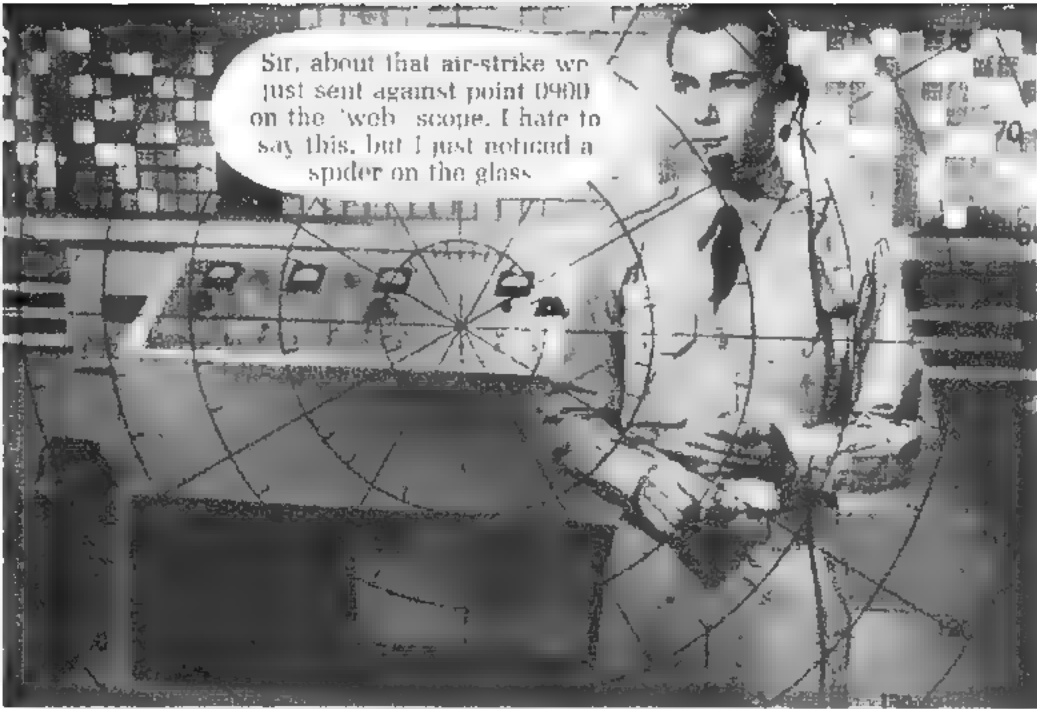





TALKING!

by Fred Wolfe







Sir, about that air-strike we just sent against point 0900 on the 'web' scope. I hate to say this, but I just noticed a spider on the glass.




I know it's an odd request, men. But we need three jockeys with pilot's licenses.



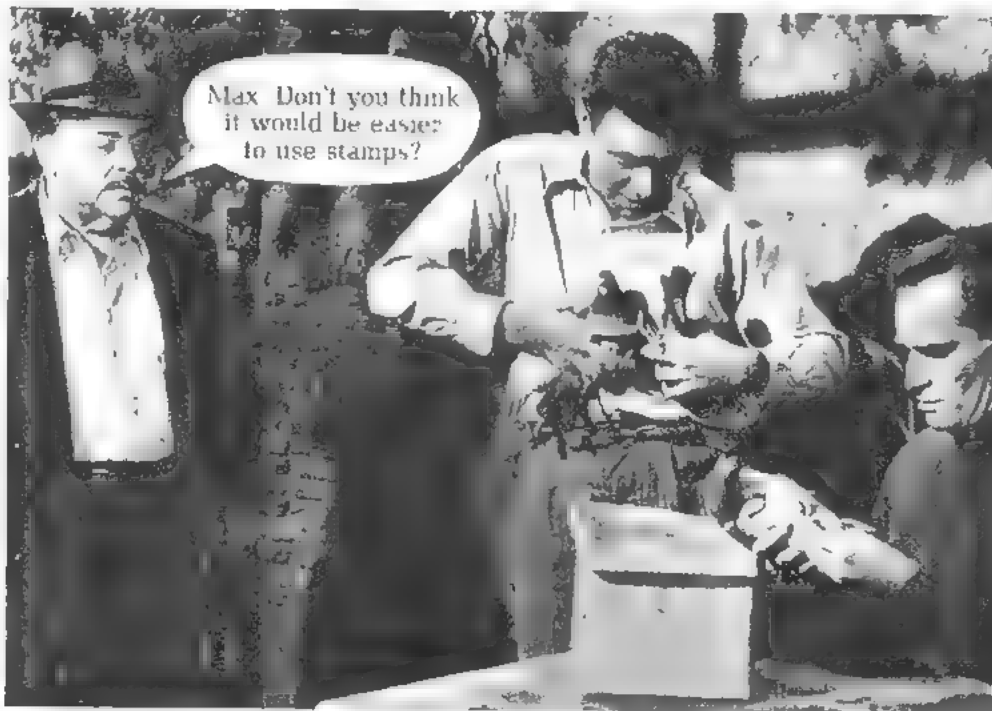
Gentlemen, this needs split-second timing if we're going to get the stuff back here in good condition.



Hey, Zoko! Remember that mail order bride you sent for?



Not bad old-timer. We'll get you a wig and an electric-guitar and you might stand a chance.



!TEENMAN!

by Bob Elliott

IN WASHINGTON, D.C.



NAMNEET!

GO!
GO!
GO!

Our teens deserve a better break.
The "Great Society's" a fake
If teens don't help make policy
We'll never live like Lyndon B.

A Musical Comedy

In an attempt to make the "Great Society" into an even greater society, TEENMAN goes on the road as a one-man lobby, representing the hopes and dreams of the average American adolescent. Armed with his

MAGIC FLASH DOUBLE POW GITTAR and his SUPER SURFBOARD, he gets set to advocate his program in the home territory of the most powerful collection of Old Coots and old Fogeyes ever assembled — Washington, D.C.

TEENMAN, in search of government recognition
ZOOMS down on a Federal-style marble colonial
building...



I'll zap
down ins de

This looks like a
depressed area!

BAN
THE
BATH



Not depressed,
man.—Beat!!

But, I thought
this was the
Senate.

So did I!

JOHNSON
GO
HOME
!



That can't be
Senator Morse?

I can't understand it
With my Super powers,
I never got mixed up before

Don't let it bug you, dad.
It happens to everyone 'n this town.

Leavin, pops?

Yes, I'm going to try to find
some real Senators.



As **TEENMAN** zooms in on Congress, he gets the same helpless feeling that afflicts most ordinary citizens, when he desperately searches through the maze of hidden committee-rooms for the one housing the "specialists on teenage affairs."



That can't be Everett Dirksen!

Yes, Mr Mack. Charlie and I will be glad to do our act on your program.



Meanwhile, in the "Teen-age Specialists" committee room ...

Gentlemen Are we ready to vote another Old Coot type bill that's so dear to our hearts?

You bet! **Medicare** really opened our eyes

You're right. The minute L.B.J. got it passed, he went for an operation.



On, cut that sanctimonious baloney, Stu. The most important thing they don't have is unlimited **corporate funds** to wine and dine us and get us broads. Heh! Heh! heh!

Well, then. Before we pass on to the real important stuff, is it agreed that we junk this new "Teen-age Benefits Bill?"

Hear! Hear!

Besides all your well reasoned arguments, gentlemen Teens have no powerful lobby in Washington to present their case and try to use "legitimate" pressure on us to grant them special privileges.

It's too controversial

It's subversive!

Remember what the President said: "**Beware of a Baker bearing gifts!**" Well, I guess that settles it. Since there's no one here to speak for their side, I vote. . . ."



But we know, gang, that it's **!TEENMAN!** The one-man Super lobbyist!

TINKLE
CRASH
SMASH

Who is he?

A flying guitarist?

Could he be. My Son,
The L.S.D. Singer?

I'm **TEENMAN**, and I'm here to say:
Please pass our teen-age bill, today!
Like, man Who needs that Medicare?
(When you are nearly dead-i-care!)
What we kids need is **Teen-i-Care!**
For strictly in between-i-care!

It sounds like
a Commy plot!

Why isn't he out **picketing**
with the rest of
teen-age America?

He must be
a radical!

Old folks wll spend their dough on pil.s.
And lots of crummy doctor bills.
We'll spend our dough on loads of clothes.
Whole pizzas! Beatle mov e-shows!

We'll go out on teener's spree
To boost the whole economy!
We promise to spend every cent.
And save our crumbling government!
So, give us teeners all the dough
And watch this country go! go! go!
Get hip, and give us **Teen-i-Care!**
Vote yes! I mean, vote yeh! yeh! yeh!

Yes, those Old Fogeys know they're safe from the right-
eous wrath of us teen-agers, until we are able to hit
them where it really hurts—in the **ballot-box!**

Get out of here,
you whippersnapper,
and go speak
to **your own kind!**

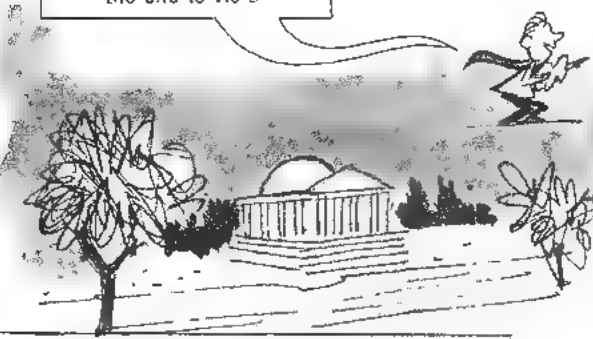
I see I can't get
anywhere here, with
these conniving Old Coots!



Hmm! "See one of my own kind," he said . . . Not a bad idea I think I know just the one to visit.

TEENMAN ZAPS down on an unpretentious eighty-room mansion in the Washington suburbs, and zeros in on its owner, a friendly, unpretentious young millionaire . . .

Careful now you fly around, son. Some guy who didn't know how to handle his trucks got into a lot of trouble with me.

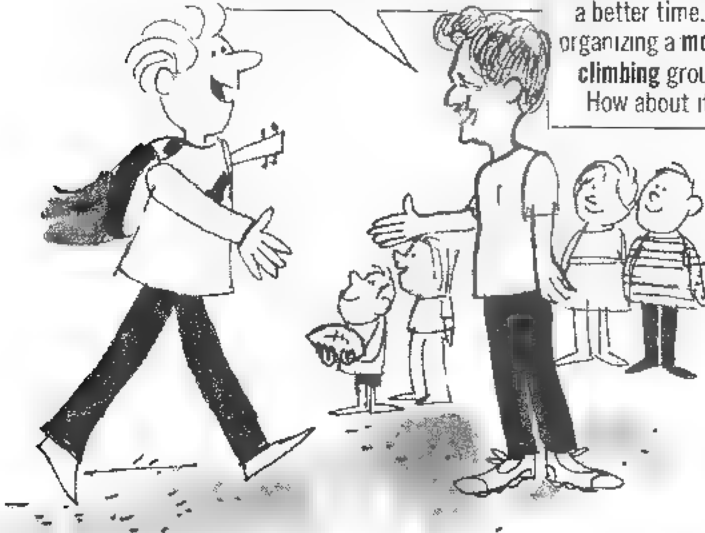


Excuse me, sir I guess this isn't my day. I was looking for **Bob Kennedy**, but I seem to have dropped into a **playground** by mistake.



Not at all, young fella. These are all my children. We work out here every day **Physical fitness**, and all that 4-H jazz. As a matter of fact, you couldn't have come at a better time. I'm organizing a **mountain-climbing group**. How about it?

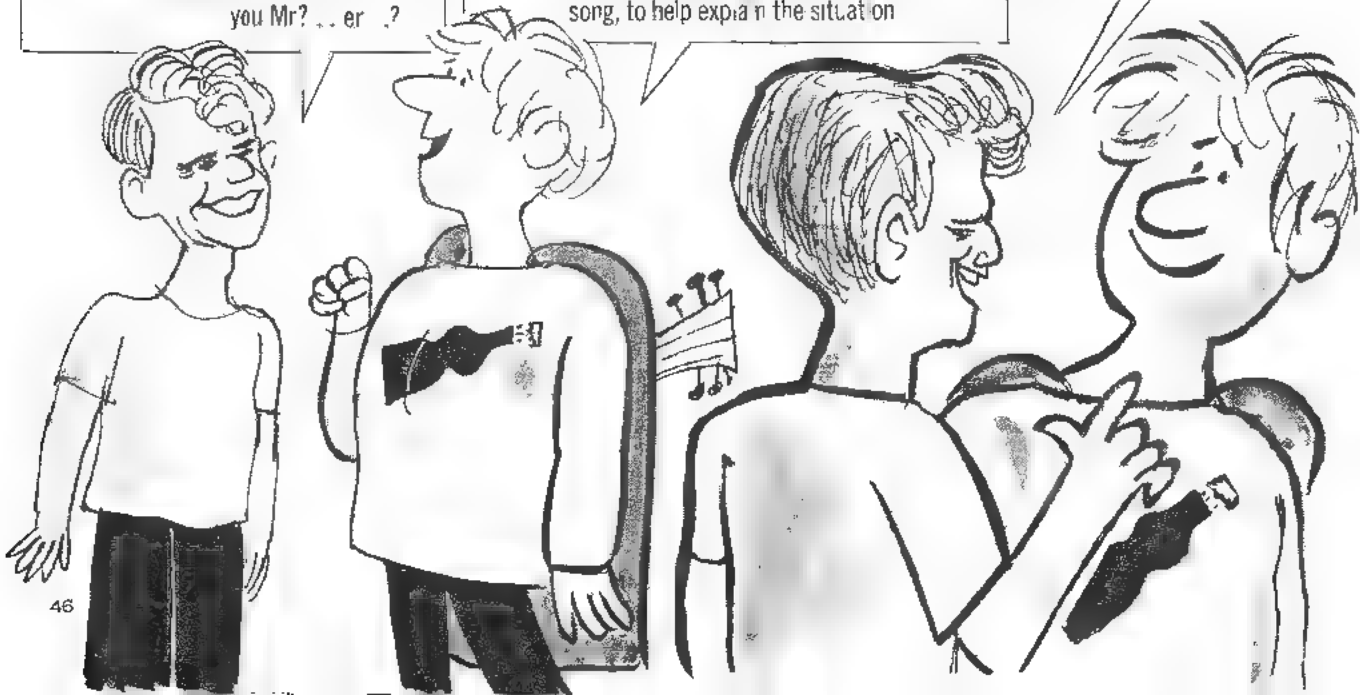
Sorry, sir I'm working on a project that'll take all my time.



Pity I guess I'll try to get Justice Douglas. That is, if he can tear himself away from his new bride. What can I do for you Mr. . . . er . . . ?

TEENMAN!, sir I'm here to ask for your help to give young people a voice in their government. And, if I may, I'd like to raise my own voice in song, to help explain the situation.

Singing, eh? Good show! I'll get the kids to listen. We Kennedys have always gone in for culture.



Gather 'round, children! It's inspiration time!

This break in their day's occupation is good for them. And I'll be able to catch up on my writing, while I listen to your song. As Julius Caesar would say (and I'm a great fan of his) I can't stand anyone who can only do one thing at a time.



Believe me! I wish all you young kids could vote. I'm sure you would all identify with a teen-age type like me. But, to get anything like that done in this country, you'll have to go straight to the top!



Do you mean...?

But, sir. How about you?

Oh, I'm afraid that's out of the question. I don't have any Presidential ambitions. By the way, son. How do you spell acceptance?



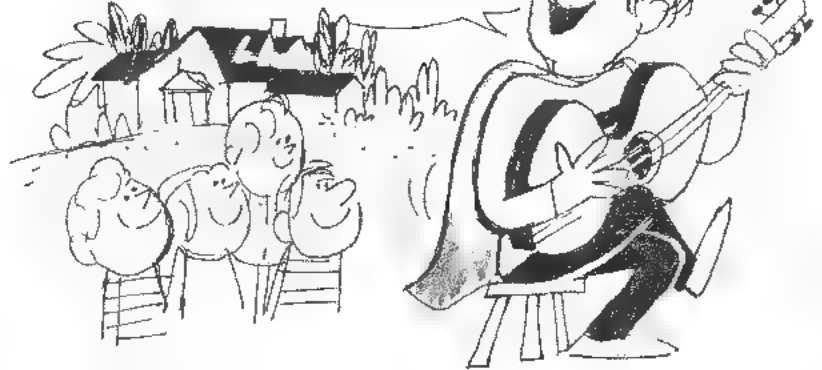
All ha! to thee! Bob Kennedy!
Our President, you'd surely be!
You'd get old Lyndon Johnson's goat
If we were old enough to vote

So, hip the Congress! Set the stage!
And lower that square voting age!
You're tops in every teen age poll
You'd make this country Rock and Roll!

We'll change your mage (slightly square)
Just wear Mod togs! You've got long hair!
You'll have a gimmick. Be a star.
I'll let you play my steel guitar.

Well, sir, is 't yeh? yeh? yeh?

You'll be the teen-age people's choice.
That Johnson! Man, he's got no voice!
You'd scrub the nation. Clean it bright
Come on and be the teen's White Knight!
So, give this country back to youth!
Bob, lead us to that voting-booth!



Yes, HIM!



Join us next month, when **!TEENMAN!** meets **L.B.J.** and the rest of the Senate on the Johnson ranch in Texas. Will **!TEENMAN!** get his message across? Or, will he end up on the barbeque pit as the main course of a Congressional cook-out? Don't miss

!TEENMAN!
AT THE L.B.J. RANCH

feckerman

PEN PALS

(Continued from page 8)

A just-discharged sailor from Vietnam would like sick and evil minded fiends (friends) to write to him!!! Age: 21 years old. Brown hair and eyes. I am 5 ft 7 inches tall and love Bob Dylan and out-of-sight girls!!! Johnny Fogel, Jr., 20, Garland Drive, Carlisle, Penna.

Wanted: Girl pen-pal. Age, 17 to 19. Must be thin, to 5'6". Must be crazy (you have to be to read this magazine). I am 19 and 5'11". Radio Announcer and T.V. Cameraman and crazy too. Dave Kunkel, 616 E. Chandler St., Evansville, Ind.

Athletic, blond 16 year old boy would like to correspond with any shapely, good looking, blonde, brunette or redhead. Must be able to read and write!!! Lee La Flamme, 246 Eden Circle, Charlotte, N.C.

Boy 15 would luv pen-type pal QUALIFICATIONS: Female, age 14-15 long blonde hair, must be hip!!!! Wolfgang Medek, (DON'T KNOCK THE NAME), 473 Orange Street, Manfield, Ohio

Girl pen-pal wanted. I am 17, blond hair, blue eyes, 6'2" tall. I enjoy baseball, basketball, football, and everything that involves fun. Sam Golden, 1503 Walton Ave., New York, N.Y.

I would like to have a girl pen-pa., height to 5'3", long black or blonde hair with a few curves, blue eyes, age 15 or 16. Send

picture, Steve Ozkus, 206 E. Delta St., Aurora, Missouri

Girl Pen Pal Wanted, 14, 5', Blonde. Cute if possible. Duncan Hannan, 7 East St. A.bans R.D., Hopkins, Minn.

I'm interested in a girl pen-pal. I am 16, 5'9", 140 pounds! I often do wild and dumb things like writing this letter! I also write insulting letters. I will answer al. letters!!! Henry K. Sasser III 4006 Clarendon Road, Brooklyn, New York.

Boy 16, wants girl pen pal. Must be cute, about 5'4" with black, blonde, brown, or red hair. Also blue eyes. Likes: Dancing, sports and girls!!! Dislikes: Homework, boring parties, and dances that are boring!!! Larry Morrison Box 193, Hawesville, Kentucky

Pen-pal wanted: Must be a girl. Age: 14-16 Hair: Black, blonde or brown. Height to 5'6". Eyes blue, if possible. I would like her to be hip and have a few curves. I will answer all letters from anyone!!! Terry Cassell, 815 Garret St., Greensboro, N.C.

Girl 15, 5'4". Blonde, straight hair with blue eyes would love to receive a letter from a 15 or 16 year old guy. Mechell Bloss, 132 Columbia Ave., Mondori, Wisc.

Please, if you are a girl, 14, take time out for a lovable person. "Me!" Steve Warren, Route 13, Belroad, Knoxville, Tenn



THE NEXT ISSUE

In a recent issue (SICK #46) we ran a short feature entitled "Fashion Predictions" with drawings by Bob Taylor. This article brought such an avalanche of rave mail that it got us to thinking. Why not do a complete fashion satire book on what young people can wear to various places—like soda fountains, lovers' lanes, gang rumbles, etc.

And so, we commissioned Bob Taylor, along with the writer of the piece, Calvin Castine, both young people themselves, and asked them to develop a Fractured Fashions book featuring the newest fad—namely, MOD Fashions.

It's designed to be hung up as a calendar, since there will be included 12 pages, each covering a month of the year. Does that add up?

Since there will be a limited printing, be sure to get in on this fabulous calendar-book. You'll have a load of laughs month after month, and we guarantee it to last for the whole year. The book will be on sale before Christmas, so buy a load of them for gift-giving. You'll be remembered for the whole year. The title of this opus—THE BEST OF MOD.

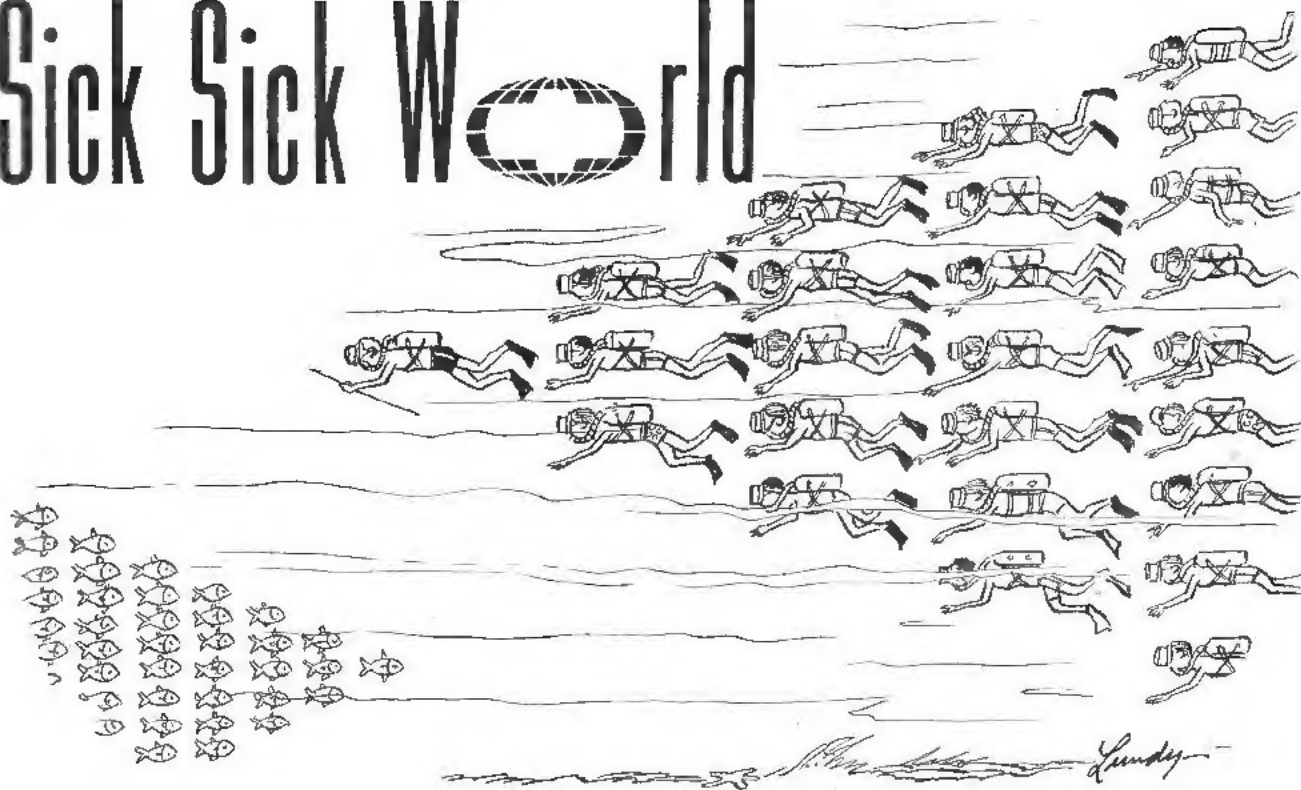
In the next issue of SICK we will travel far and wide. This is in answer to many requests that we do just that. So it shouldn't be a total loss however, we will make it a special traveling issue—featuring a parody called HOLLYDAY MAGAZINE. This parody will take us to the far corners of the earth—where they will chase us after they see this parody. So join in the fun and away we go!!!

You may notice that we have omitted the Profile in this issue. We're a little crowded, folks, what with all the Classicfied ads but our little biography will be back next time.

see you ...

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Sick Sick World



NEWS ITEM: Humor is getting to be a damn serious business. Jim Atkins, a comedy writer, has signed up as a humor lobbyist in Washington with the same official status as lobbyists promoting cornflakes or natural gas.

(Editor: After hearing about the nation's only Humor Lobbyist (Sick #48), we asked Atkins to tell us what he is doing to make America, and government and politics in particular, funnier than it is now. The following is his reply.)

*By Jim Atkins
Official Humor Lobbyist*

Washington is a strange city. Here people take themselves more seriously than they do anywhere else in the country. After seeing this, and getting fired for writing jokes on company time, I decided to lobby for more humor in Washington and to promote a National Sense of Humor, representing the Humor Exchange Network, New York City, an organization of gagwriters and other humorists.

After registering with the House and Senate I was in for another shock. People began to take me serious.

You can see why after you read the following goals of the Lobby:

1. Call for a National Humor Commission to certify jokes. The Government has moved into almost every area and should also tell the people what to laugh at. The Bureau of Standards should test jokes and certify those which are funny.

2. Fight discrimination of comics and comedy writers. Humorists are a minority group, discriminated against by employers and others, who do not take them seriously. Actually, most comics, and all comedy writers, are very serious people.

3. Take an active part in politics, supporting candidates who tell jokes on the campaign trail.

4. Call on the people to write to President Johnson asking him to use more new jokes in his TV talks so the people will not be bored and switch to another program.

5. Call for a Congressional investigation of joke stealing, which is a billion dollar a year business. Witnesses would include Bob Hope.



Sick Sick World

Jackie Vernon and Milton Berle. This would be more interesting than most hearings and would encourage public interest in the workings of government.

6. Will testify on bills concerning health and welfare, pointing out that laughter is good for your health.

At present I am working on this program. Already, many members of Congress have laughed when I presented this program.

AUDIENCE PARTICIPATION

If you want your name in this column, send me a good reason for not working.

It has to be a funny reason. For example: *I wanted to be a tree surgeon, but I couldn't stand the sight of sap.*

I studied to be an optician, but decided it would be a grind.

I was going to be a stock car driver, but figured it would be a drag.

I thought of drilling for oil, but I decided it would be a bore.

FOOD DEPARTMENT. Searchers at the University of California say insects will be part of the American diet in 50 years. Our population explosion will call for new food sources, and the scientists say that insects are "one of the best sources of protein" and are "tasty and clean." Those guys are trying to bug me.

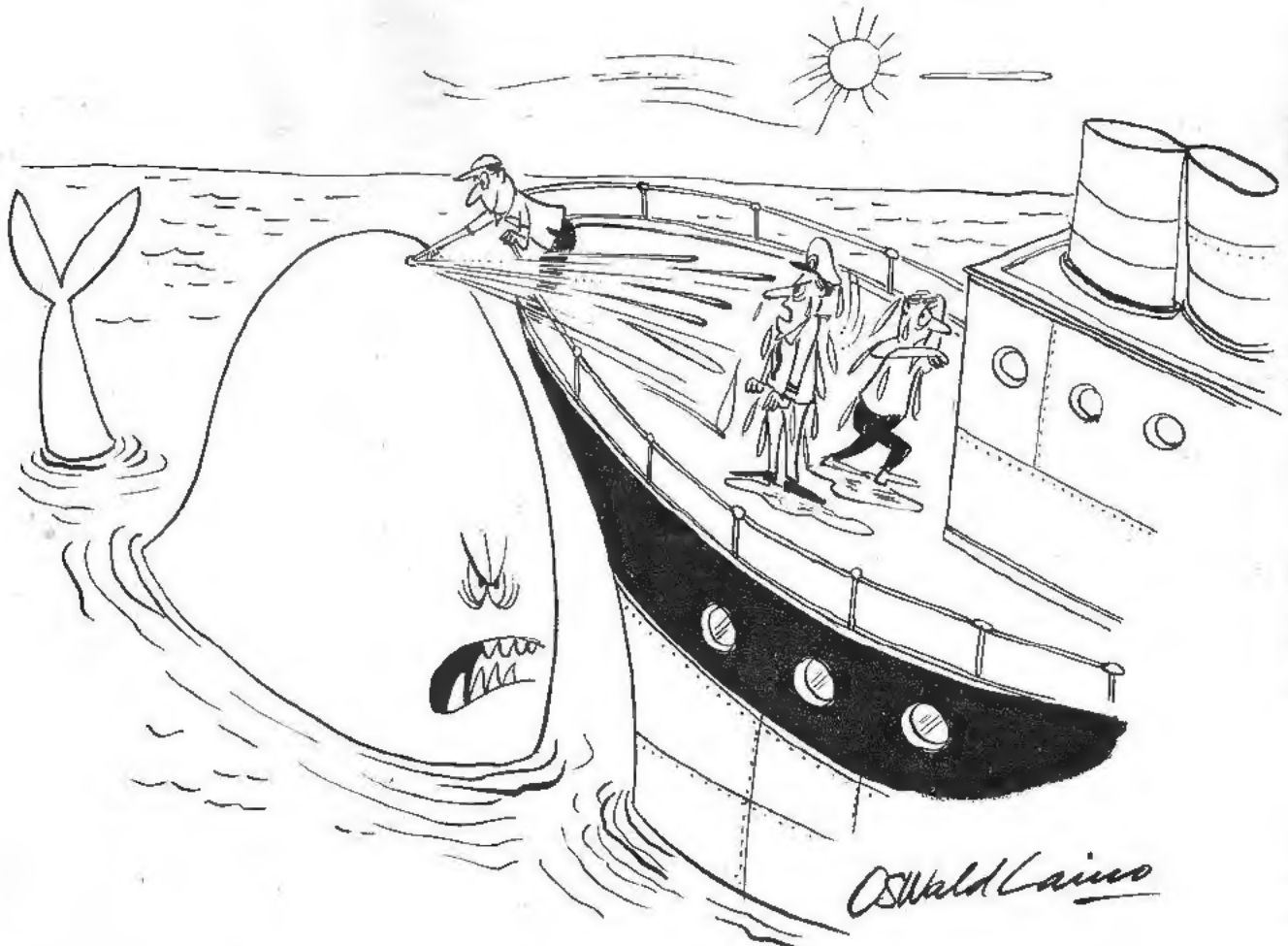
Anyway, the food couldn't be any worse than it is now at my house. The food is so bad we had to give the garbage disposal unit an alka-seltzer. The house burnt down and it was the first time I'd had a hot meal in two years. I have one good dish a lot: misfortune cookies. And the other night we had filter-tipped smoked sausage for dinner.

This monkey went to a vet. Said he was hooked on dope. Had a man on his back...How do you milk a cat? You have to use a very short stool...Tough Luck Dept.: I bought a sleeping bag that snored.

Two insects were flying over a DDT display in a supermarket. One said: "There sure is an awful lot of hate in the world."

Don Maclean, columnist for the Washington Daily News, says that new singing group, The English Muffins, may soon be the toast of Washington.

The Air Force now has a Zero Defects program to make AF workers error-conscious so they won't make as many. They sent out a form (no writers in government, they're too busy filling out forms) called an Error Cause Identification Form. On the form was a subhead which said: "IMPORANT."



"Mr. Bromley!..Grow up!"

Penwick, how many times do I have
to tell you...first, you
take the missile **outside**.....



I dreamed
I was called in
for a school
physical
...in my
frayed and torn
bra

Yes! It was wash day at home and there was nothing left but to go to school in my "frayed and torn bra" and wouldn't you know that's when I'd get called in for a physical. I was so embarrassed!

